

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Twenty-Eighth Year of Issue

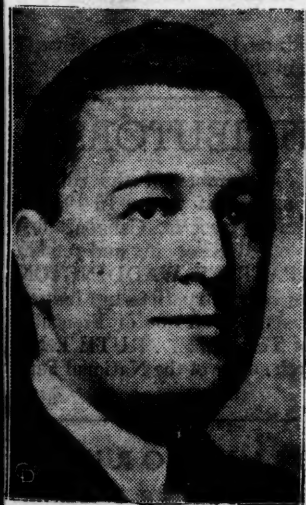
June, 1948

Higher Education

SINCE THE TURN of the century, there has been an increase in the general level of education of the population of Canada. A feature of this period has been a change of emphasis from cultural to vocational subjects. The swing of popular attention toward the practical has resulted in constant pressures at the level of higher education—to lower admission standards, to short-circuit established disciplines, and to offer more practical courses of the shortest possible duration. In the face of these pressures, the educational ideals which are peculiar to universities need to be more generally recognized and accepted.

What the universities must safeguard is the goal of higher education itself. Education at the university level is not only for making a living, but for living. The test of an educated person is what he can do, not with his hands, but with his mind. This is as true of the professional courses as of the humanities and the social sciences; indeed, the necessity for independent thinking is what distinguishes a profession from an occupation.

A true university is a community of scholars eager to learn, to search, and to teach, in which through the impact of personality upon personality, of mind upon mind, teachers and taught advance together in the search for truth and make their contributions toward the increase of knowledge and wisdom. It is the duty of the university to be selective in assembling the associates in this undertaking, since not all of us are equipped to enter upon it with profit to ourselves and others. It is the duty of the university to attract to, and retain on, its staff



SIDNEY SMITH
President, University
of Toronto

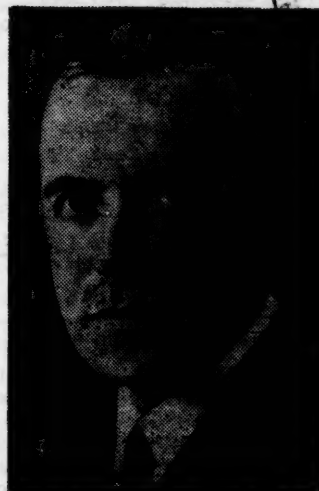
(Continued on page 50)

Canada and the U.N.

WILLINGNESS to accept international responsibilities is a basic principle of Canadian foreign policy, for Canadian boundaries are no longer co-terminous with physical frontiers but run through the hearts of all those who work to preserve the freedom and dignity of the individual. Membership in the United Nations is an obvious and effective method of fulfilling Canada's international responsibilities as well as reaping the benefits of active international co-operation, and it follows that Canada must work to strengthen the prestige and authority of the United Nations.

Realizing this, Canada has made positive contributions to the political, economic, social, and cultural work of the United Nations. Acceptance of membership on the Security Council means that Canada is confronted with new and onerous responsibilities. It is suddenly concerned with the necessity of finding workable solutions to such remote yet vital disputes as those involving Palestine, Kashmir, Indonesia and Czechoslovakia. Again, membership on the Atomic Energy Commission is a recognition of Canada's scientific contribution, and the extent of her natural resources.

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RT. HON. LOUIS ST. LAURENT
Secretary for External
Affairs

In This Issue

THE CORPSE IS TAKEN FOR A RIDE

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(HIGHER EDUCATION—continued from front page)
the finest possible selection of able men and women to inspire and guide the students. It is equally the duty of the university to ensure that the time and energies of such men and women are not wasted in the effort to stimulate students who by mental or moral incapacity are unfitted for such a pursuit.

Our aim must be to enrol the first-class students among our matriculants—those of fine intellectual calibre, with the character and stamina to persevere in arduous and exacting work—irrespective of the financial resources of their homes. Admission standards must be maintained, or even raised, to ensure that none but the first-class can enter; scholarships and bursaries must be provided, on a scale heretofore unknown in this country, to ensure that all the first-class may enter. Only thus will we give full meaning to the postulate of democracy, equality of opportunity. If in this process of selection and subsidy there should emerge a greater number of first-class students than our colleges and universities can accommodate, that situation should be met by an increase in the number of institutions of higher learning. The existing foundations should not become so crowded that the fruitful partnership of teacher and student gives way under the weight of numbers.

If universities submitted to the lowering of standards and gave themselves over to easier, practical courses, producing in their students expertness without excellence, they would abdicate their function of training citizens who have achieved moral control over themselves, who are practised in applying intelligent judgment in the vicissitudes of life, and who are qualified to study and to help in solving the vital problems of our nation and our civilization.

SIDNEY SMITH

[The Canadian Forum plans to continue the discussion of the theme of education in the modern world in future issues.—*Editor*.]

(UN—continued from front page)

The Canadian Government realizes that, although the problems of peace and war are basically political, yet constant friction over such questions as tariffs, shipping, monetary questions and aviation makes extremely difficult the degree of co-operation necessary in a world security organization. By membership in the United Nations, Canada also agrees to pursue economic and social external policies within the framework and according to the spirit of that organization.

As a member of each of the nine specialized agencies, Canada is dealing with international questions such as labor, civil aviation, health, food supplies, financial policy, tele-communications, postal services, and the activities of a world scientific, cultural and educational organization. Canadian actions in the economic field will have to be based on the code of international trade accepted at the Havana Conference. Canada has been elected to membership on the Economic and Social Council and Canadian experts serve on the Economic and Employment Commission, Population Commission, Statistical Commission, the Social Commission and the Sub-Commission on Freedom of Information and the Press.

All this has necessitated providing delegates and advisers for the numerous conferences which deal with these varied topics. It has not been easy, but Canada is striving to build up at these international meetings a tradition of conciliation, compromise and constructive action.

LOUIS ST. LAURENT

[In parliament, subsequent to the writing of this article, Mr. St. Laurent said: "Our foreign policy today must, therefore, I suggest, be based on a recognition of the fact that totalitarian communist aggression, endangers the freedom and peace of every democratic country, including Canada. On this basis and pending the strengthening of the United Nations, we should be willing to associate ourselves with other free states in any appropriate collective security arrangements which may be worked out under articles 51 or 52 of the charter.]

[See also the review by Blodwen Davies of H. V. Evatt's *The United Nations* elsewhere in this issue.—*Editor*.]

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Published each month by

CANADIAN FORUM LIMITED

16 Huntley Street, Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada
Telephone RA. 3297


Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa

SUBSCRIPTION RATE: THREE DOLLARS A YEAR

Cheques to be made payable at par in Toronto.

Advertising rates on request

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. XXVIII, No. 329  23

Founded 1920

Toronto, Ontario, June, 1948

Party Lines

Both the CCF and the British Labor party have been having trouble during the past month with recalcitrant members. In Ontario the provincial council of the CCF has announced its refusal to accept Mr. R. H. Carlin as party candidate in Sudbury, and he has now presumably read himself out of the party by announcing his determination to run as an independent against the party nominee. His offence has been persistent collaboration with the Communists both in trade union and in political activity, and it is clear that this defiance of party policy could not be tolerated in the midst of a general election.

In Britain the Labor Party Executive has disciplined the Nenni-goats by expelling Mr. Platts-Mills and requiring from the others a written declaration of loyalty to party policy. (More recently the party has expelled a right-winger who persisted in denouncing its policy of nationalization of the steel industry.) The offence of the British fellow-travellers was in sending a telegram of encouragement to Signor Nenni at the height of the Italian election campaign, a telegram carefully timed so as to do the greatest possible harm to the Labor party's official policy of fighting the Cominform all over western Europe and of supporting the Sarragat wing of the Socialist party in Italy. At this distance it is hard to see, not why Mr. Platts-Mills was expelled, but why such men as Mr. Zilliacus are still accepted as Labor party members.

It is impossible to determine the limits of party loyalty and party discipline *a priori*. On the whole, the Labor party seems to have shown a wise moderation in its line of action, which is to punish outstanding offenders and to be patient with lesser cranks and innocents. The expulsion of Mr. Platts-Mills is *pour encourager les autres*. Liberals and Conservatives get a great deal of enjoyment out of this public washing of Labor and CCF dirty linen, and they exclaim jubilantly about regimentation and excommunications and interdicts. But what needs to be remembered in these cases is that the issue has not been one of mere differences of opinion. In all political parties (outside of the Communists) differences of opinion are a sign of health; and the conferences of both the Labor party and the CCF show plenty of examples of this. A wise leadership will be reluctant to draw the line beyond which criticism of the policy of the party leaders and of the party majority becomes disloyalty. Each case has to be decided on its own particular circumstances. But there is no doubt that in the Carlin and Platts-Mills cases the line beyond which toleration becomes impossible had been passed.

Outdated Thinking

The balanced budget is still a fetish of Canadian politics. The leaders of all parties should have outgrown it, and probably have, but neither old party scruples to use it for electoral advantage. In Ottawa and in the provincial legislature, large budget surpluses have drawn heavy fire from oppositions of both varieties. The *Globe and Mail* in 1947 poured ridicule on Mr. King's government for its surplus, though in 1948 it unblushingly played up Mr. Drew's surplus as a triumph of good government. No doubt the dominion's now announced 1948 surplus will bring forth a similar confusion of praise and censure.

Both parties are guilty of encouraging old-fashioned thinking among the voters. It is time to return to that half-forgotten document, the 1945 White Paper on Employment and Income. After three years, it is still refreshingly sensible. Keynesian economics is the only system which offers capitalist society a chance of working successfully; and advocates and opponents of capitalism alike must accept the imperative necessity of making it work, for a longer or shorter period.

Underlying this kind of system is the vital concept of *spending* as a dynamic force, to be harnessed and directed, like electric power, for the service of the community. Spending is investment; whether it is done by the consumer, by business, or by government, it means production and employment. The principle of the White Paper is to strike a figure of investment equivalent to full employment, and by public spending to keep the total national investment at that figure.

The Paper recognizes two types of public investment, apart from routine expenses: transfer payments, reappearing as private expenditures, and capital investment. In the first class, the present national government has introduced unemployment insurance, family allowances, and (partially in this class) the new health scheme. These are not nearly sufficient, but they are a start. In the second class, the necessary "shelf" of projects has not appeared at all.

The government has many excuses for its neglect of its White Paper, the most valid of which is the obstruction of Drew and Duplessis. It has no excuse for allowing national thinking to slip back to pre-Keynesian channels. We must learn again that there is no special virtue in balanced budgets. Surpluses and deficits in themselves are dead, meaningless things. Financial policy must be a living thing and productive of life.

Great Lakes Red Herring

The Communists must be enjoying themselves. The fiction of their militant hatred of all oppression was becoming too threadbare even to be a good joke. But this year they have been restored to a helpful and not too painful status as martyrs by the clumsiest opponents they could want. There is Fred Rose, brought out of jail after two years to face an old charge which might better have been forgotten. There is Reid Robinson, deported under a law never before invoked, whose validity was frankly doubted by officials until the courts upheld it. And there was the UEW official arrested at a microphone because what he was about to say would have provoked a riot.

These are minor ineptitudes. A more alarming campaign is being conducted by the lake steamship owners and their new friend, Pat Sullivan. Frightened by the power attained by their sailors through the Canadian Seamen's Union, the companies have hit on the politics of the leaders as a means of breaking it. They have welcomed the help of the man who was largely responsible both for the growth of the CSU and for the Communist control of it, Pat Sullivan. Here is the record of Colonial and Sarnia, two firms under identical management. In 1946 they grudgingly renewed their long-standing contract with the CSU. In 1947, in a dispute, they refused to appoint a representative to the arbitration board set up under the contract, and subsequently

rejected the award of the board. Finally, they agreed to abide by a vote of their employees. The seamen endorsed the CSU by a 90 per cent vote. Yet the companies announced that the contract was ended. When the government appointed commissioners, the companies refused to join the discussions and said that they had made an agreement with Sullivan's Canadian Lake Seamen's Union. Now ships manned by the CLSU are moving under police protection, while the government lets the CSU carry the burden of enforcing the law.

Dangerous as the Communists are, this kind of anti-Communist warfare is worse. The union created by Sullivan, whatever may have been his motives, has helped some of the most anti-union employers in the country. The prestige of law in labor relations is in grave danger.

Faith, Hope and Electricity

When Ontario's Premier Drew called a hasty election (ostensibly on the Hydro issue), he put his royal commission on education in a strange position.

The Hope commission, appointed before the twenty-second legislature came into being, had outlasted its life, and has yet to report its findings. It is possible, of course, that the prime minister (as an Ontario premier is described) and minister of education has had some preliminary report from Mr. Justice Hope, and he may or may not like its tenor.

Mr. Drew never hesitates to make pronouncements on education, and the "higher" the education the bigger the pronouncements. During the current election campaign he has promised that two new universities are to be founded in northern and northwestern Ontario, so that, in the words of a press report, "it will no longer be necessary for students of these parts of the province to go to southern Ontario for an education." It is true that a resident of Kenora has a long way to go to find a university in Ontario, but the obvious thing for a person with a national viewpoint to do would be to help him go to the University of Manitoba. It will take careful planning and much money to make these new colleges anything better than second-rate, and the circumstances under which they are promised make one wonder how much effort is contemplated.

Winnipeg Citizen

The action of the late Joseph E. Atkinson in placing the *Toronto Star* under a seven-man board of trustees, with profits ("still important") to be used for philanthropic purposes, was described in a front-page editorial in the memorial edition as making it "as near as a newspaper could come to being an unbiased public property." This suggestion (though not to detract from the magnanimity of Mr. Atkinson's gesture) will bear some analysis. The *Toronto Evening Telegram* for some years past has been in a somewhat similar position. Employee-trustees have operated the business, and the earnings have gone, or were intended to go, to the Toronto Hospital for Sick Children. The property is to be sold apparently, and the proceeds turned over to the same charity, but has it been an "unbiased public property" or has it just reflected the viewpoint of those persons, who happened to be the trustees?

Perhaps a more hopeful approach to this problem of providing the public with a newspaper published in the public interest is that of the 14,000 owner-readers of the *Winnipeg Citizen*. There is currently in progress a campaign to bring into the enterprise other thousands of non-member readers. The *Citizen* is making a significant contribution to Canadian

journalism. In its columns a meeting of a labor organization is as newsworthy as a tea-party. Gross misinterpretations (subsidized housing means "taxation of the many for the few") and obvious errors ("sixty-one years since Confederation") are few.

There are weaknesses in a reader-owned co-operative which is still dependent on the business community for its principal revenue. The *Citizen* may play up the viewpoint of a left-winger, but it obviously also feels itself under the necessity of playing up the viewpoint of right-wingers too. That is understandable, even commendable, in the presentation of news and signed articles, but it should provide the background for a strong, progressive editorial-columns point of view which has not yet made its appearance.

Neither the *Toronto Evening Telegram* nor the *Toronto Daily Star* suffers from lack of a viewpoint, but both the "Tely's" rightist viewpoint and the *Star's* leftist viewpoint rest on well-filled treasuries. Unfortunately, both the *Toronto* evening newspapers have allowed their editorial viewpoints to spill over too much into their news columns. It remains for the co-operative *Winnipeg Citizen*, as it gathers readers and financial strength, to demonstrate that a newspaper can combine impartiality and objectivity in the presentation of news with a strongly progressive editorial point of view.

Thumbprints

Kinsey has been a godsend to at least two professions: comedians and publishers. Cartoonists, gag writers, and columnists, whose main subjects all date back to Joe Miller, should be sending flowers to the man who opened a brand new field for them. Also the poor publishers, who have lately been lamenting the hardships and small profits of their trade, have lost no time in jumping on the Kinsey bandwagon. Following close upon the W. B. Saunders scoop, Prentice-Hall brought out *Sex Habits of American Men* (a symposium on the Kinsey report); Greystone Press issued *American Sexual Behavior and the Kinsey Report*; and Hogarth House produced *The Sexual Conduct of Men and Women*.

* * *

The Cassandras who have been shedding crocodile tears over the plight of the poor British under that terrible Labor government will be shocked to learn that last winter was the best Britain has ever known from the point of view of national health. During January, February, and March (usually the worst three months of the year) the general death rate was the lowest ever recorded in England and Wales.

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Letter From London

Stella Harrison

► THIS NARROWLY missed being a letter from Dublin. However, I thought it fairer to wait until my return and see whether English austerity was indeed so much preferable to the fleshpots of Eire as it appeared from a distance. It is. After only a week of exile, and that voluntary, I have come home to a new awareness, as though London were one of the ten thousand tulips in the park, in April a green unnoticed plant, in May a brilliant lovely flower.

If there is one thing more calculated than all others to make a sensible English socialist into a wild flag-wagging jingo, that thing is surely a visit to the Emerald Isle. Dublin is only seventy minutes flying time from London, but what a world away! Whether they affect the Gaelic (a guttural obsolescent language which is being artificially revived to make entry into the civil service more difficult), or whether they employ the local English idiom which has made their country world famous in poetry and prose, the Irish and I do not speak the same language. For patriotism they have nationalism, for resolution they have rhetoric, for social conscience, charity. I was amazed at the scope of almsgiving—and at the hordes of ragged dirty children begging in the streets.

As you board the Irish 'plane at the London airport, you are given a booklet, characteristically six weeks out of date, on the attractions Dublin offers: entertainments, bright lights, rich food, freedom from restrictions and controls. This is plain humbug. The controls and restrictions are at least as numerous, but with these two differences: they favor not the weakest in the community but the middling-strong, and they are evaded with impunity by all the financially better-off, whose lives are one long fiddle to get unauthorized petrol, extra butter or an illicit ham.

A bottle of whiskey is as hard to come by unless you know the ropes in Dublin as in London. Dollar-bought petrol is wasted in driving from shabby little shop to shabby little shop in search of a popular brand of cigarette. Coal-generated electricity flashes in Neon advertising signs but the gas pressure is insufficient to cook the Sunday dinner. And talking of dinner. . .

The first thing that strikes the visitor to Dublin is the huge quantity of food displayed. The next is the fantastic price of that food and the obvious poverty of the population. Perhaps the best example is butter. In England butter is mostly imported. It is rationed at 4 ounces a week and subsidized to sell at 33c a pound. In Eire, home-produced creamery-packed butter is rationed at 6 ounces a week and subsidized to sell at 54c a pound. There is no control on "farm" butter, which may be sold at any price it will fetch to anyone who will pay the price. And mothers of large families who cannot afford a couple of dollars a week for butter, re-sell their subsidized ration at a recognized black-market rate of double the official price.

This practice is so widespread that nobody thinks it wrong. One is constantly being told how good it is to live in a place where you've got something to spend your money on and can have what you like if you've the money to pay for it. Pious charitable people do not think it wrong to eat the slum children's butter nor do they protest that the subsidy which still holds the price beyond the stretch of the people's purse is inadequate.

On the contrary, the new Costello government was elected largely on the promise to slash the "lavish expenditure on food subsidies" of its predecessor. It has made good in its first budget, presented in the Dail last week. The subsidies

on margarine and oatmeal have been abolished, for a start. The Dublin poor, who could not afford butter at 54c, used to have a ration of margarine (4 ounces, the same as in England) which was subsidized down to 30c a pound (English price 15c). Since the Dublin child's dinner most days consists of potatoes with milk and butter or margarine, the prospect is lean indeed. Meat is unrationed but controlled at such high prices that the poor cannot afford any, and the rich cannot be made to pay in proportion to their self-indulgence.

The Eirann Finance Minister made a great play in presenting his subsidy-cutting budget, with "social security." Indeed, he announced that legislation would be introduced to make possible increases of 50c to a dollar a week in old-age pensions. He added that in no case would individual pensions be increased above \$3.50 a week. In England, the standard rate is \$5.20, plus supplementary pension according to need. (The comparative costs of living are—London 100, Dublin 130 approx. The purchasing power of the new maximum old-age pension in Dublin is therefore just about half that of the standard pension in London.)

It is for things like these that the patrons of outmoded Irish nationalism fan the antagonism to England which otherwise would long since have burnt itself out. Such patrons are the native Irish capitalists who since 1922 have fattened on sweated labor and who hate and fear the example of English trade-unionism, English co-operatives, English planning—and the competition of English wages and amenities just across the water. They are the native Irish speculators who keep Dublin a city of sordid slums and despoil the suburban landscape with ribbon building of houses all for sale.

It's a most distressful country. I was quite unable to make myself understood among my middle-class acquaintances, when I spoke of the freedom of ideas, the liberty to see a great film not censored to the point of unintelligibility, the easy access to the world's news and to every shade of opinion, which I would not trade for three meat meals a day in the midst of squalor, neon lights and strict conformity.

London, England, May, 1948.



FRESH AIR FROM THE PRAIRIES

Twenty-Five Years Ago

Vol. 3, No. 33, June, 1923, *The Canadian Forum*.

The poor Prime Minister is perhaps today more a subject for pity than scorn. He has strong theatrical instincts, and undoubtedly he used to dramatize himself as a brave young paladin fighting the Gabriels and Michaels of reaction in the spirit of the famous conflict in Milton's fifth book. One recollects his curious letter to a friendly Irish editor in which he noted with pride the happy coincidence that Canada and Ireland had been simultaneously liberated from a black night of oppression. Mr. King sincerely believed it. He regarded the Borden and Meighen Governments as instruments of the devil, wept for the country groaning under their tyranny, and pictured himself as the liberator of his native land from what, in happier days, he was wont to describe as 'an unholy combination of political autocracy and industrial plutocracy.' Give him office at the head of a Liberal government, freedom would spread her wings again, prosperity would return, and the golden age of Laurier would be born once more. To his banner there would rally all the forward-looking men and women, all the people of good will and toleration, and under their young captain they would march forward from triumph to triumph over the children of darkness. But alas for vain dreams. Today, poor Mr. King finds himself the closest of prisoners of the industrial plutocracy which he was wont to denounce so vehemently.

* * * *

So Mr. Ferguson has at last declared himself a friend, indeed a sponsor, for the Ontario Temperance Act. This declaration has been the most striking feature of the election campaign in Ontario. We fear that the announcement comes too late. It may serve, to be sure, to keep in the ranks a few dear souls who were worried about the wetness of certain prominent Conservatives but gladly grasp at any pronouncement, however shallow and belated, which will enable them to justify their role. We confess that we should have liked Mr. Ferguson better had he persisted in being bold and bad just as we have known him for so many years. With all the parties doing lip service, at least, to the Ontario Temperance Act, and with Prohibition the main issue in the campaign, we must confess that the contest is becoming somewhat of a 'hazy mazy mess,' if we may wrench from its context one of the phrases which will serve to keep green the memory of the meteoric political career of Mr. Andrew Hicks. Mr. Raney's return to the campaign, however, has evidently marshalled the Prohibition forces behind Mr. Drury. As a mariner boxing the compass Mr. Ferguson may find himself no more successful than he did as a tanner of hides.

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Dr. King's Panacea

John Cumming and Edith Fowke

► PRIME MINISTER KING'S announcement of his health plan has created quite a stir, but it should not have surprised anyone. With provincial elections coming up in Ontario, Quebec, Saskatchewan, and New Brunswick, three federal by-elections scheduled for June, and a federal election within the next year, the timing, politically, could hardly have been neater. However, in a broader sense the timing is, perhaps, a little tardy. As Mr. Coldwell reminded the Prime Minister, he is just now getting around to "laying the foundations of those measures of health insurance and social security which were foreshadowed when he was elected leader of the Liberal party in 1919."

The news that the federal government is at last going to do something about health is welcome, but wholesale hosannas are hardly in order. Despite enthusiastic commentators, the plan does not presage complete health insurance in Canada within any reasonable time. Even the first step toward a complete health plan, hospital insurance, will not be generally introduced for at least five years.

(All that the plan definitely offers is a number of grants to the provinces for building hospitals, making preliminary health surveys, fighting cancer, tuberculosis, mental illness, and venereal disease, and smaller sums for public health research, training public health staffs, and rehabilitating crippled children.) About the best that can be said is that at last the government is doing *something* about health. What it is doing and how it is doing it is another matter.

(The most welcome part of the plan is the subsidizing of hospital construction. As Canada has only 61,108 hospital beds and needs about 62,845 more before health insurance could be introduced, the building of hospitals is obviously highly desirable. The grants are expected to produce some 40,000 more beds in five years—which will still leave a deficit of over 20,000.)

Hospitals are essential, it is true—but an equally essential factor has been completely ignored. For any health insurance plan Canada needs not only more hospitals but more doctors, dentists, and nurses. There is nothing in Mr. King's statement to indicate that the government is going to do anything at all to provide these. The only reference to personnel is the \$500,000 grant to increase "professional personnel in the public health and related health fields." This apparently refers to the training of administrative and lab workers, and is much too small a sum even for that limited field.

Everyone knows that most doctors today are tremendously overworked. Because of the pressure upon them they find it impossible to give the best service of which they are capable. Any form of health—or even hospital—insurance would greatly increase the burden upon them.

Canada today has approximately 12,000 doctors, or about 1 for every 1000 people. Actually the picture is considerably worse than that, for many of those doctors are specialists or engaged in industrial medicine, teaching, insurance, hospital service, public health, etc. According to the standard of 1 doctor to 700 people set by the United States Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, we need about 17,000 doctors—or at least 5,000 more than we have.

About 200 doctors die each year and about 600 new doctors graduate, an increase of some 400, which barely keeps up with the rise in population. Canada's nine medical schools are working at capacity. It takes six years before an increased registration affects the output of doctors. If

medical school facilities could be so expanded that registration could be doubled, it would be about fifteen years before we could have anything like the number of doctors we need.

The need for dentists is even greater: we have only about 4,500 dentists in Canada, and, on the basis of 1 dentist to 1000 people, we need 12,000—or an additional 7,500. Yet dental graduates usually number less than 200 a year!

Why has the government said nothing about grants to increase the facilities of medical and dental colleges, or scholarships to enable more students to study medicine and dentistry? The obvious answer is that they have no intention of bringing in a full plan of health insurance within the next fifteen years. Before we get health insurance, somebody must take on a fight with the Canadian Medical Association, and the King government has no intention of doing that. They hesitate to become involved even in the preliminary scrap which the training of more doctors would probably provoke.

The health survey grants to the provinces to assist them in planning for increased health services sound very nice, and will be nice for most of the provinces. But what about Saskatchewan, where a Health Services Planning Commission has been in existence for four years and where most of the necessary planning has been done? Would it not be more satisfactory to permit those provinces which have plans for health insurance already under way to use the survey grants to put their plans into effect immediately?

Somewhat the same criticism applies to the grants for the control of cancer, tuberculosis, mental illness, and venereal disease. Saskatchewan already has completely free services for the diagnosis and treatment of all of these. Alberta also has free treatment for tuberculosis and free surgical and radiation treatment for cancer. It is doubtful if these provinces can use to advantage the full amount of the federal grants for these purposes, in addition to the sums they are already spending. Yet Mr. King specifically stated that all the grants are contingent upon the provinces maintaining at least their present level of expenditures *in each field*. Thus it will not be possible for those provinces which are already advanced in certain fields to use the increased revenue for extending their services in other directions. Are we being unduly suspicious in wondering whether the rigid earmarking of the federal grant is not a subtle way of discriminating against the Saskatchewan government?

The selection of the diseases on which money is to be spent is also open to criticism. For example, why is there no mention of research and treatment for heart disease, by far the greatest single cause of death? Deaths from cardiovascular-renal diseases in Canada are three and a half times as great as from cancer: they account for 41.3 per cent of the total deaths, as compared with 12.3 per cent from cancer.

It is also questionable whether the amount for the control of tuberculosis is being allotted to the best advantage. There seems good reason to believe that part of it at least might better be spent for the control of diabetes. Deaths from tuberculosis are steadily decreasing, and are now only one-fifth of what they were in 1900. On the other hand, deaths from diabetes have nearly doubled in the last ten years, and since 1900 diabetes has risen from twenty-seventh to eighth place as a cause of death. It looks as though the Liberals were just fifty years behind the times: their plans for the control of tuberculosis would have been much more appropriate in 1900.

These criticisms of specific points, however, are less serious than the flaws which underlie the government's whole approach to the problem. Despite Mr. King's statement that overlapping provincial and dominion services are wasteful

of public money and should be co-ordinated into one program which "would constitute a charter of social security for the whole of Canada," his whole plan seems designed to perpetuate a patchwork system of health services. Hon. Paul Martin, minister of health, said he expects that the scheme will be brought into effect in Canada in stages: "Different provinces will feel they need and their people can afford different things, and so long as they meet a federal minimum standard they will be free to operate as they desire." Thus the services to which various Canadians will be entitled will depend upon what the province in which they happen to be living feels it "can afford."

Another alarming feature of the Dominion's planning is indicated in a report by Robert Taylor, a *Toronto Star* correspondent. Commenting on the future of pre-pay medical care plans like the Blue Cross when health insurance starts in Canada, he writes: "Since many people will not be covered, there may still be a place for them even when the scheme is in operation throughout the country. It may be that many of those at the top of the economic ladder will never come under the scheme, just as many today do not come under unemployment insurance." Any satisfactory system of health insurance must cover *all* the people—not simply those making less than a certain specified yearly income. If it does not, we will merely have a perpetuation of the present system of rich man's medicine—poor man's medicine.

The government's lack of a broad imaginative conception of what modern health services involve is also shown by Hon. Paul Martin's comment to a reporter that the government "thinks a very worthwhile investment would be a couple of hospital beds added to an annex of a doctor's office in a rural outpost." One wonders if Mr. Martin has ever heard of the modern concept of fully-equipped health centres strategically located to serve rural areas.

It must also be pointed out that the most important weapon in the battle against ill health is a rise in the standard of living. In 1935 the illness rate among relief families was 234 per 1000, as compared with 149 per 1000 in families whose incomes were over \$3,000*. All the medical care in the world is not going to help much if Canadian families do not have enough money to buy decent food or live in decent homes. In 1942, the last year for which over-all figures are available, 82.6 per cent of Canadians received incomes of less than \$2,000 a year. In April, 1948, the average wage in all manufacturing industries was only \$38 a week. Yet the amount required to keep the average family at the Toronto Welfare Council's health and decency standard would be about \$46 a week at present prices. Until the government takes some steps to raise wages or lower prices, no health plan is going to be very successful.

*Notes on Hygiene and Preventive Medicine: Department of Hygiene and Preventive Medicine, University of Toronto.

Seeing Him

Seeing him enter the lobby
scissor legs neatly clipping the distance to her,
spring thrust into flower through the curved ceiling,
marble pillars put out leaves.

Next noonday
in the same place, seeing him with her sister
pillars were white winter marble.
Overnight the season had changed.

Anne Marriott.

Joseph E. Atkinson

G. Robert Reeds

► THE DEATH of *The Toronto Star's* Joseph E. Atkinson ended the career of one of the greatest liberals the Dominion has ever known and placed a great newspaper in the hands of the public under a formula which is simple and intriguing. To understand a little of the tremendous possibilities opened up by the will of Joseph E. Atkinson, one must know something of his personal background, and also something of the men who now carry on as trustees.

Atkinson, to most people, was a riddle. His enemies called him a hypocrite. The more cynical members of his own staff surveyed the apparent contradictions in his actions and attributed these to straight opportunism and desire for money and circulation.

The Star's championing of the underdog was usually attributed to Atkinson's smart business sense and to circulation-building strategy. When underpaid, insecure Toronto newspapermen organized a union and affiliated with the American Newspaper Guild (CIO), *The Star* was the only newspaper with a liberal enough attitude toward labor for the Guild to get to first base. A little management pressure at *The Globe* and *The Tely* stifled the Guild before it ever got started on those newspapers. At *The Star* the stifling began after the Guild had organized almost the entire editorial department, and then outright intimidation, coupled with promotions for anti-unionists, was used to smash the union overnight, and it has never dared to raise its head since.

A few years ago *The Star* championed the candidature of a number of Communists seeking positions on Toronto's city council. When the Catholic church started a boycott of *Star* circulation *The Star* immediately withdrew its support from the Communists. Atkinson is said to have supported the CCF with actual personal financial support at the same time that he continued to entertain one of his closest friends, Prime Minister Mackenzie King, in his own home, every time the latter visited Toronto.

A few people made the mistake of thinking that Atkinson as an old man in his seventies and finally in his eighties was just a figurehead, that the actual running of the newspaper was done by others. Nothing could be more untrue.

Joe Atkinson grew up in the little village of Newcastle, Ontario. Joe and a brother used to pump the organ in church on Sundays for the few cents it added to the family budget. From childhood days came Atkinson's intense personal hatred for alcohol, and *The Star's* consistent crusade for temperance.

The school that Joe attended had a bad reputation for breaking teachers. The big boys made life so miserable that teacher after teacher came and went. One day a new teacher arrived, an ambitious young man who was determined that no impertinent, rough young brats were going to run him out of his new job. The first morning in school he phrased a question, turned toward Joe, and shouted: "Atkinson." Joe was frightened, and at that time he suffered from a slight stutter, and for a moment he tried desperately to answer, but couldn't. The teacher moved quickly and a stinging blow landed on the ear of the youngster he thought was defying him. The mistake, of course, was quickly discovered, and Joe and the teacher became firm friends.

When the new building opened on King St. there was quite a celebration, of course. Dignitaries and celebrities of every stripe were in attendance. But Atkinson did not

escort them around his new building. Others did that. Instead Atkinson was seen wandering about devoting most of his time to an insignificant looking little old man, about twenty years older than himself, who turned out to be the school-teacher who had boxed Joe's ears so many years before. On discovering his mistake the teacher had dedicated much of his time to Joe's education, and though financial circumstances forced Atkinson to leave school early, his schoolteacher continued to help him, and Atkinson made his way upward in the world with the benefit of the best education that his old teacher was able to give him.

Atkinson's personal views were always far more radical than those which appeared in the paper. One day in a policy discussion an editorial writer asked: "Then why couldn't we say this, Mr. Atkinson?" referring to some particularly radical belief.

In his soft, gentle voice "the chief" replied: "Indeed we could, but not for long, not for long."

Atkinson was always keenly aware of the fact that without his circulation he would have no voice to advance his progressive ideas. He knew that he lived in a practical, imperfect world. His close personal friendship with Mackenzie King was founded on intellectual agreement on a policy of trying to move forward within the existing framework. He felt that King was doing his best to help Canada forward while still appeasing the moneyed interests that supplied campaign funds and made power possible. Atkinson knew that to build a valuable and powerful newspaper voice he must conform to convention, that he must conform to the ideas of the majority while gradually trying to win the minority into a majority.

Those who jeer at this suggestion that Atkinson was building circulation for other than financial gain are people who are ignorant of his personal life. Atkinson did not live ostentatiously. He is said to have drawn a salary of \$1,000 a week, or \$52,000 a year. He lived quietly in a modest mansion. In the summer he spent considerable time at Bigwin Inn at Lake of Bays, and was noted, even in his seventies, for his recklessness at the wheel of his big speed boat.

Probably most of his \$50,000 a year salary went straight into charities and contributions about which few knew anything. The big Christmas parties held at the armouries in Toronto for families of servicemen overseas during the war were financed by Atkinson, and how many other worthy enterprises owed their existence to him few will ever know. So all in all, he lived no more extravagantly than the average successful \$10,000-a-year middle-class businessman.

The power and wealth and circulation he built were not devoted to personal ends. His attitude toward labor is summed up by the statement that he believed in "collective bargaining." And he really meant "bargaining." Editorially *The Star* would champion the cause of labor. Yet sitting down with his unionized printers, Atkinson had a reputation of being the toughest employer-bargainer in town. It was common gossip that the managements of *The Globe* and *Mail* and *The Evening Telegram* were content to let Atkinson whittle the printers down to size.

Workers were entitled to organize in order to increase their power so they could pit it against the economic power of their employers, he felt, but this did not entitle the worker to more than he could bargain out of his boss, and Atkinson loved to bargain. I personally could never see anything inconsistent or anti-labor about that attitude.

Shortly after the Guild was organized on *The Star* Atkinson sat in conference one day with Harry Farmer, then Guild president. "Why," he asked, "should I be penalized for the fact that I am fair to labor and allow you to organize? Why should I be forced to pay more money to my reporters than the *Globe* and *Telegram*?" Farmer answered on the

spot that no effort would be made to penalize *The Star*, that all three papers would be approached for a contract simultaneously. From that day forward all Atkinson ever had to say in reply to an approach from the Guild was: "Remember your promise. Unions must keep their promises. Organize the *Telegram* and *Globe*—then come to me."

I was there and went through all the unsuccessful Guild struggle and I personally blame the *Star's* attitude on the over-enthusiasm of a couple of staff oldtimers who thought they were carrying out the management's wishes. The rank and file, however, thought the oldtimers were acting on orders from on high.

Who are the five trustees now living, and who are the two likely to be appointed to the two vacancies? The five are:

Harry C. Hindmarsh, vice-president of *The Star*, director of the editorial departments, Atkinson's son-in-law. Hindmarsh is one of the most skilled newsmen in North America, with tremendous promotional ability, but I never heard him accused of progressive intellectual thinking. He is probably a dead loss so far as future progressive editorial policies are concerned, and he is too strong a personality to be led around by any other members of the board. He has been responsible for some of the most fantastically big-hearted and generous acts toward staff members in the history of private enterprise with one hand and has done the opposite with the other hand. Because of his fine points there must be quite a number of newspapermen like myself who'd go to bat for him any day, despite the fact that he snubs some of us on every possible occasion.

Joseph S. Atkinson, vice-president, and son of Joseph E. Atkinson, is an intelligent, pleasant, likeable fellow, with no interest in the editorial department or the newspaper's editorial policies, so far as is generally known. He is a genius, however, in such matters as designing a unique new kind of delivery truck, manufacturing printer's ink, or improving press-room procedure.

Alexander Stark, lawyer, and a director, is a former member of *The Star's* editorial staff, and a newspaperman's dream as a lawyer. When contentious stories are offered for his perusal he doesn't take the typical libel lawyer's easy way out by ruling against anything with bite or punch. His judgment on what is or isn't libelous is excellent, yet allows plenty of dynamite to reach print. A real heavy-weight intellectually, he is one of Atkinson's best choices, will be a real power for a progressive, liberal editorial policy, and has a mind of his own which will defy intimidation.

G. H. Maitland, chief editorial writer, is a quiet, friendly, affable man with wonderful sense of balance. Probably no leader, he is a voice for liberal, progressive policies.

F. L. Tate, business manager, is highly competent in his own line of efficient business administration. He is a good judge of men and one of the most valuable business executives in newspaper work. He is probably another dead loss so far as liberal editorial policy is concerned, but is likely to support a liberal viewpoint.

In future each trustee is to name his own successor, but now the five will name the two to fill the vacancies, and these will doubtless have been named by the time this appears in print. At time of writing one almost sure choice is considered to be W. J. Campbell, the advertising manager who succeeded William Wallace, the former manager, recently deceased, who was a trustee. Campbell is said to be an intelligent liberal.

Speculation about the seventh is widespread. Editorial men would like to see it go to James Kingsbury, news editor, one of the few editorial men who has stuck with *The Star* year in and year out, in and out of the dog house, and with never failing loyalty. Conceivably the choice might be an

editorial writer like W. R. Plewman, who wrote "The War Reviewed" during World Wars I and II.

In any event the seven chosen men will be a great force for good in the progress of the Dominion in the next few years. If they choose as good successors, Atkinson's judgment will be thoroughly upheld. Not one of these men, however, can ever hope to approach the late Mr. Atkinson himself in progressive intellectual thinking ability. *The Star's* editorial policies in the next few months will be followed closely and with keen interest.

The Corpse is Taken for a Ride *Patrick Waddington*

► THE COST OF LIVING these days in Canada has reached a record high, but the cost of dying is a lot worse.

In an average man's life, there is usually no single event more expensive than his leaving it. Prolonged ill-health or difficult operations may cost more, but such visitations are not the common lot. But all men die, and all men, or their relatives, must pay out large sums of money for the privilege.

Let's look at a few figures first before we get at the reasons. The general price for a funeral is between three-fifty and four hundred dollars. That is the price most funeral directors will charge, although there are an infinite number of gradations. This sum pays for the embalming, the use of the funeral company's parlors, the casket, a hearse and possibly three company cars to take relatives to the cemetery. It does not pay for the services of a clergyman, for flowers or press notices, or for a cemetery plot. These details are up to the family.

The cost of a plot in a cemetery admits of as many differences as the cost of a funeral. You may buy a choice bit of ground for one thousand dollars or more. But here again we will use average figures. The general price of a four-grave lot in a city cemetery is five hundred dollars; a single lot may be had for about one hundred and thirty dollars. The charge for opening a grave is about thirty dollars in summer and forty in winter.

Putting it all together then, the average man may consider himself lucky if he can be buried decently for a minimum of five hundred. If his relatives are not careful they may find themselves paying a good deal more.

It must be remembered that the funeral business is a business; that is to say, profit plays as big a part in it as in any other profession. The danger is that by its very nature this profession offers unusual temptations to the unscrupulous. No reflection is cast by this statement on the reputable funeral director. It is safe to say that the majority of funeral directors in Canada are honest men anxious to retain a reputation for fair dealing and content with a reasonable profit for their services.

The director of one of the oldest institutions in this country put it as follows:

"Most well-established firms are interested in building up a family service. You can only do this by holding down the profits and acquiring a reputation for integrity. But there are plenty of less reputable firms who compete fiercely for clients and who, once they have a bid for their services, charge the limit. There is no real check on them."

There is no check because there is no established rule for costs. Every funeral director charges what he likes. There is no fixed level of costs, and some families, after a funeral is over, receive a stunning shock when the bills come in.

The better type of funeral director will take some trouble to make sure that his charge is well understood in advance, so that there will be no undue surprise when the bill comes in. But the man who is out for a quick and big profit avoids a statement in advance. It is hard to pin him down to a fixed sum beforehand. He will promise the family that his charge will be "reasonable," that he is only interested in giving a dignified and quiet service and sparing the relatives all worry. Or he may state a cost in vague and incomplete terms, leaving out additional items which may double the usual bill.

In no case is a contract made out as is done in ordinary business procedure. Nor, if a family thinks it has been overcharged, is it easy to get restitution. Few people certainly ever try. It is not, somehow, considered decent.

There are several factors at work in this situation which make it easy for the unscrupulous to prey on a bereaved family. There is, first, the psychological factor of grief. A family in which there has been a death is simply in no condition to think in business terms. The relatives are only too happy to have someone else take over.

Then there is the question of snobbery. The social pressure felt by all classes in this regard is tremendous. It is considered a deep reflection on a family and a loss of social prestige if one of its members is not buried with all the pomp and ceremony usual in such cases.

We feel we owe it to the dead, as well, that they be taken to the cemetery with the full and expensive ritual that funeral directors provide.

Finally, there is the fact that most people are caught by surprise and are unprepared for such a situation. They have little idea what to do and no idea at all what it may cost. Almost no one ever dreams of finding out in his lifetime how much it will cost him to be buried.

It is a common occurrence these days for a person to put himself into debt to give his nearest kin a costly send-off, with the most ornate of caskets, banks of flowers and rows of hired cars.

The question of social prestige in such matters is a pressure which the funeral business applies to the utmost. What was once a simple ceremony is becoming more complicated, pompous and expensive every year. Lavishly decorated funeral parlors, caskets which are marvels of the cabinet-making art, and sculptured headstones or vaults purchased at heavy cost are the accepted thing these days.

The aim is a denial of the mundane facts of physical death, but it is a materialistic denial replete with spiritual hypocrisy.

That is why great attention is paid by the more expensive directors to so arranging the body that it takes on a life-like appearance. They will tell you it is to erase the thought of death from the mind. No wizardry of the embalming art can, of course, do this. But since it is still usual for mourners to look at the body before a service, there is something to say for the practice on the aesthetic side. There is also, however, a profit. Such art is not provided cheaply.

The whole business is so lucrative that new establishments are opening up at an astonishing rate in every community across Canada.

Montreal, which has an average of fifteen to eighteen hundred deaths a month, is an example of expansion in the profession. In 1920, there were only about fifteen major funeral directing companies serving the whole city. Now there are nearly two hundred, many of them with antiquated equipment, unsanitary buildings and unskilled employees.

There are practically no professional standards in Quebec as in most other provinces. In Ontario, embalmers must take a two-year course to get a diploma before they can practise. They must take post-graduate courses at stated

periods in the Banting Institute. Funeral establishments are inspected and if the premises are not adequate or sanitary, licenses are cancelled.

In Quebec there is no such rigorous course in embalming and frequently the most unskilled of practitioners are employed. There is no restraint in most communities, either in Quebec or elsewhere, on the number of funeral parlors that are established.

The profits which can be made have attracted far more persons into the business than are necessary. And as a result, the need to profit heavily from each funeral is so much greater.

The educational requirements for entrance into the profession are low, to say the least. In Ontario, one of the highest provinces in this regard, all that is needed is two years in a school of secondary education, or its equivalent. The province has refused to sanction a clause requiring at least junior matriculation for funeral directors.

James O'Hagan, publisher of the *Canadian Funeral Service Magazine*, solemnly warns that unless action is taken, the profession will sink back into dark and lawless conditions.

Many a reputable funeral director feels that this is the case already. They are alarmed by the invasion of new, unskilled, unscrupulous men into the business. Their standards and reputations are threatened by these men who are only concerned with how much they can screw out of a family.

But even the honest funeral director is almost helpless against the current trend of high prices. Take, for instance, the casket alone. At one time people were buried in coffins, but now these are used only for the destitute, the social outlaw. For all other persons, caskets are the rule. These are made out of the most expensive and beautiful woods, such as mahogany, walnut, cypress, oak or birch or more exotic materials. They are hand-tooled, inlaid with plush or satin, and equipped with sliding panels, name plates and other devices. There is considerable choice, but any choice is expensive.

Funeral parlors are also becoming more and more ornate. Chapels, transepts, rooms for guests and rooms for the family, fine organs and elegant offices are built and furnished with a lavish use of fine wood, marble and wrought iron. This increase in overhead costs can only be met in one way — by increasing the charge for services.

As for the dishonest director, ethics play no part in his business. Such a man will charge the utmost for everything he does, no matter how unimportant, in order to run up a three hundred dollar funeral to one thousand dollars or more.

The lower-income groups are especially victimized by these practices. Funeral directors who deal with this group pay tipsters to inform them as soon as a death occurs so that they may be first on the scene.

In some places it is common for directors to sell a family a dress suit for the body, at a price much above cost. And it is not unknown for some directors to remove the suit before burial in order to use it again as often as possible.

There is the speed-up system, by which a funeral and everything that goes with it may be hurried through in disgraceful manner in order that the hearse may return quickly for another service.

It is high time for an investigation into the practices of disreputable directors who are under little restraint in their financial dealings. There should also be an inquiry into the whole question of rising costs in the profession itself. The public is being scandalously over-charged not only by funeral directors but all the many concerns associated with the business, from casket makers to monument companies.

Cremation might be thought the answer to the heavy cost of dying, but this is not the case. A funeral director must still be called in to embalm the body, to provide a casket and to take it to the crematorium. Cremation does, however, avoid the expense of a grave and monument, and it costs only about thirty dollars.

The answer to the spiralling expenses connected with funerals has not yet been found, nor will it be found until there is a general resistance to high prices. But by the very nature of things, public interest is unlikely.

Certainly the casket, for example, could be made more functional and less ornate, and it could be done away with entirely in cases of cremation. The meaningless extras so beloved by funeral directors could be dropped and the whole business made more simple. And everyone dealing with a funeral director should protect himself by demanding a contract in advance so that unnecessary expense will not be foisted on him.

For costs are going up steadily all along the line. A four hundred dollar funeral this year will be five hundred dollars in 1949 as competition becomes greater and the drive for profits more intense. Some directors think that by 1950, it will cost around eight hundred dollars in all to be buried.

Until a stop is put to this, the short trip from the funeral parlors to the cemetery will continue to be the most expensive journey in the world for Canadians of every income level.

Community Action Through Farm Forum

Ruth I. McKenzie

► "BY HARD WORK, much talk, and planning we have at last got a Co-op Medical Service in Renfrew County. Farm Forums, Junior Farmers, Women's Institutes, and Federation of Agriculture have all gone in. Today the board meets to examine applications for membership and tonight we hope to be going with well over a hundred members. Our Forum alone has twenty-three paid-up applications sent in."

This story, told by the secretary of Chats Lake Forum, Renfrew County, Ontario, could be repeated in sixteen other Ontario counties where co-operative hospitalization plans have been set up, largely through the efforts of Farm Forum groups. Seventeen rural county schemes are banded together in a provincial association called "Co-operative Medical Services Federation in Ontario." This is Farm Forum's biggest action project.

The term "action project" is used in National Farm Radio Forum to indicate a community activity undertaken by a group rather than by individuals working separately. The group may be a single Farm Forum, several Forums working jointly, or one or more Forums plus other people in the community. In the case of the Co-operative Medical Services all the farm groups in a county work together.

Right from the beginning of Farm Radio Forum in January, 1941, the Forums have been urged to follow up discussion with action. Referring to the early development of Farm Forum in an address at the National Farm Radio Forum conference in Toronto a year ago, Leonard Harman (one of the founders of Farm Forum) said:

"I have always opposed the term 'listening group,' as implying a passive acceptance of the words of some radio oracle. This was to be discussion groups for action. The

National Farm Radio Forum is a listening-and-discussion group project for farm people, sponsored jointly by three Dominion-wide non-profit and non-political organizations—the Canadian Association for Adult Education, the Canadian Federation of Agriculture, and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. A Farm Forum is a group of neighbors who meet once a week to listen to the National Farm Radio Forum broadcast; to study and discuss the topic of the broadcast; and to decide how their problems can best be solved. There are 1,351 active Forums in Canada with a membership of over 23,000.

radio and the printed word were important. In fact, without either of them we would not have had Forums. But the key to it all was the group of *people*, people in organized discussion aimed at action. Additional knowledge from outside the group was important. But it was important only if the persons in the group were to sift out what they wanted, make some of it their own, and then use it in action."

This year over half the Forums in Canada reported action projects. Many of the others were busy developing or completing projects begun earlier. In Shubenacadie, Nova Scotia, for instance, a co-operative store was established through the efforts of the eight Forums in the area, in September, 1946. The store did \$167,000 worth of business its first year and business continues to grow. These Forums are now studying credit unions with a view to organizing one.

Another example of a project that grew very fast and that continues to hold the interest of its members is the Maple Cattle Breeders Association. This was one of the first artificial insemination units in Ontario. It was an action project of the Edgeley Forum, York County, in 1945. Its membership has expanded into five counties and totals seven hundred.

In the Farm Forum season just ended (1947-48) over a hundred different kinds of projects were sponsored by the Forums in all provinces. Health and hospitalization projects were among the most popular. Warble-fly campaigns were also numerous in five provinces. In Ontario, township-wide campaigns against the warble-fly were launched in ten counties. This means that by-laws were passed in these townships, making it compulsory for all farmers in the township to treat their cattle with derris powder. In some townships, the council bought a spraying-machine for the use of farmers.

Topping the list of projects was that of organizing new Forums. One Forum helped to organize seven new Forums the past season. Altogether 244 new Forums were helped into existence by 160 old Forums.

Other popular projects were:

Canadian Appeal for Children (68 Forums).

School improvement—furnishing school for community use, purchase of chairs, radio, etc., beautification of grounds (46 Forums).

Co-operative buying clubs, stores, creameries, egg-grading (41 Forums).

Recreation facilities—rinks, ball-parks, swimming pool, ski-run (39 Forums).

Community halls or centres—building new one or improving old (31 Forums).

Rural electrification (27 Forums).

Snow clearance (20 Forums).

Charity—raising money for the blind, Red Cross, food parcels for England (19 Forums).

Mailboxes painted, names put on (17 Forums).

Farm machinery—community or co-operative purchase or use of such machines as cement mixer, sprayer, ditcher, lime-spreader (17 Forums).

Road improvement (17 Forums).

Some Forums are full of energy and go right on from one project to another. Here is what one Prince Edward Island Forum reported:

"We bought and paid for a potato-grader, paid for a fertilizer spreader, co-operated in cutting and hauling lumber for a new school house to be erected this summer, and co-operated in cutting and hauling lumber for a member who had the misfortune of losing his home by fire. Also have made arrangements to erect his house in April. This is all done free."—Morell Rear Forum.

The important thing is that through Farm Forum, groups of farm people are getting into the habit of working together on whatever jobs need doing in their own communities. Here are some examples of local problems solved by group action:

"Our telephone lines are being extended through our group organization."—Riverside Forum, Alberta.

"We organized and opened a ladies' rest room in our hamlet."—Spruce Grove Forum, Saskatchewan.

"Our project for the year is tree planting to keep snow off the roads and protect the soil from winds."—Johnston Forum, Oak Lake, Manitoba.

"The county agronomist was contacted and arrangements made for him to be in the village once a month on a specified day for consultation and advice."—Arundel Forum, Quebec.

Such projects are the essence of democracy, for they indicate a sense of responsibility for the common welfare and through them the Forums participate in democratic action.

The Webb Partnership

Frank H. Underhill

► THE CHIEF DISTINCTION of the British Labor Party in its first generation will always be that it had Bernard Shaw and Sidney and Beatrice Webb among its founders. What other political movement in the English-speaking world can make such a claim as that it helped to write Shaw's plays and the Webbs' social histories? What other party ever had, or ever will have, a woman member who could leave behind her two such volumes as autobiography as *My Apprenticeship* and *Our Partnership*?

Mrs. Webb's second volume* covers the years from her marriage in the early 1890's down to the period just before the outbreak of World War I. As a matter of fact it hasn't much about the young Labor party in these years, for the Webbs were not greatly interested in the new venture until after 1912. But it is the most absorbing book about English politics in general that has appeared for many a year. And the intimate and delightful picture which it gives of herself and her husband will rank it among the great biographies of the English language.

As with the first volume, what gives this book its unique value is the insertion of copious extracts from her diary. All her life she regularly kept a private account of her daily activities, with comments on the people she met, on her own, her friends' and her enemies' doings. In her diary also she carried on a constant process of communing with herself upon the purpose and significance of Beatrice Webb and

her relation with the universe. It is this which makes so intensely interesting her narrative of the Webbs' research into English social history, of Sidney's work in organizing education on the London County Council, and of their joint efforts to "permeate" the thinking of Liberal and Conservative leaders and of the English educated classes generally.

The volume ends with the failure of their great campaign to convert British public opinion to the program of the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission of 1909. It was through this campaign that they broke their ties with the "the best people" and were led to concentrate their efforts henceforth upon the new Labor party. The great principle of the Minority Report (which was drafted jointly by the partnership, though only Beatrice was a member of the Royal Commission) was the public establishment of a minimum standard of living for everyone. This has now finally been achieved by the social-security legislation of the Labor government since 1945.

A volume of this kind, with a detailed account of activities almost week by week for a period of twenty years, would be dull reading for all except specialists if the two central persons did not emerge as such intensely interesting and attractive individuals. There can seldom have been a marriage so completely happy as that of Sidney and Beatrice Webb. She is constantly referring to "my boy." They are both unhappy when they are separated even for a few days. "Apart we each of us live only half a life, together we each of us have a double life." And their characters were complementary. Sidney's outstanding characteristic was placidity, his lack of personal ambitions and jealousies, and his colossal capacity for steady unremitting work. He was the perfect utilitarian and the perfect scientist. "Unless he is downright ill, he is never without a book or a pen in his hand. He says that he cannot think without reading or writing, and that he cannot brood." He found complete self-realization in scientific work, and was not interested in ultimate metaphysical questions to which the methods of science could not be applied. Beatrice was always brooding, and she could not live happily without trying to achieve a state of "holiness" which she sought by the practice of prayer. She visited services in St. Paul's once or twice a week. The root of her life was a faith in a combination of science and religion, of truth-seeking and personal holiness. And what she sought for herself she desired also for the community, though she rejected all the existing forms of organized religion.

"I desire that the national life should have its consciously religious side. . . I should desire the Church to become the home of national communal aspirations as well as of the endeavour of the individual for a better personal life. Meanwhile I prefer the present Church with all its faults to blank materialism or competitive sectarianism." . . . "Where I think G.B.S., Granville-Barker, H. G. Wells and many other of the most modern authors go wrong, from the standpoint of realism in its best sense, is their complete ignoring of religion. By religion, I mean the communion of the soul with some righteousness felt to be outside and above itself. This may take the conscious form of prayer; or the unconscious form of ever-present and persisting aspirations—a faith, a hope and a devotion to a wholly disinterested purpose. It is this unconscious form of religion which lies at the base of all Sidney's activity. He does not pray, as I often do, because he has not acquired so self-conscious a habit. But there is a look in his eyes, when he patiently plods on through his own and other people's work, when he unwittingly gives up what other people prize, or when he quietly ignores the spite or prejudice of opponents, that tells of a faith and a hope in the eventual meaning of human life—if not for us, then for those who come after us."

**Our Partnership*, by Beatrice Webb (edited by Barbara Drake and Margaret Cole); Toronto, Longmans Green & Co.; pp. xiii, 544; \$6.00.

No wonder that Shaw based the two finest characters in all his plays, Major Barbara and Saint Joan, upon Beatrice Webb. (His next finest character, Julius Caesar, has a good deal of Sidney Webb in him.) Like Barbara and Joan, Beatrice mingled a deep religious mysticism with a practical capacity for using other people to get things done, especially other people of the male sex.

Mrs. Webb had also a persistent puritan conscience. She liked mixing with the great, with people who have power, and she liked attracting these people through her brilliant conversation. But she is constantly upbraiding herself for spending time in such occupations, and she is constantly asking herself how far it is possible to combine the work of the student and researcher with that of the agitator and propagandist. Sidney has to curb her fondness for good society. He refuses to go out to big parties. "You won't be able to work the next morning, and I don't think it is desirable that we should be seen in the houses of great people. It will be said of us as it is of Sir Gilbert Parker: in the dead silence of the night you hear a distant but monotonous sound—Sir Gilbert Parker climbing, climbing, climbing." She takes pledges for long periods against indulging in coffee and alcohol, so that she can work more effectively. "For three days I have been off with strained eyes—strained not with work but with dissipation of strength at four dinners last week. My diet saves me from worse ills. Unfortunately I don't always stick to my regimen—specially when I am bored." And her fondness for clothes causes her much searching of conscience. On the eve of a trip to America and the Empire: "I am revelling in buying silks and satins, gloves, underclothing, furs and everything that a sober-minded woman of forty can want to inspire Americans and colonials with a true respect for the refinements of collectivism . . . But I daresay one or two of the specially becoming blouses are the expression of crude vanity; my delight in watching these clothes being made is a sort of rebound from the hard drudgery of the last two years. But it is rather comic in a woman of forty—40 all but two weeks. Forty, Forty, Forty! What an age! Almost elderly. I do not feel a bit old!"

As for the politics of the time, the best thing a reviewer can do is to give samples of the flavor of these pages by quotation. The Webbs had a period when they were working with most hope upon the Liberal Imperialists—Haldane, Roseberry, Asquith, Grey—and another period when the Balfour circle of Conservatives attracted them most. They never had any use at all for the Gladstonian Liberals, and they had no very high regard for the Labor leaders of these two decades. Mrs. Webb alternated between fascination with the brilliant society of Westminster and exasperation at the intellectual laziness of the two front benches and their refusal to study social questions seriously. The real Webb hopes lay in the administrators like Morant and in the younger men such as G. M. Trevelyan and Leonard Hobhouse or in the still younger generation of undergraduates like Hugh Dalton and Rupert Brooke.

On Winston Churchill in 1903: "Went into dinner with Winston Churchill. First impression: restless—almost intolerably so, without capacity for sustained and unexciting labour—egotistical, bumptious, shallow-minded and reactionary, but with a certain personal magnetism, great pluck and some originality—not of intellect but of character. More of the American speculator than the English aristocrat. Talked exclusively about himself. 'I never do any brain-work that anyone else can do for me'—an axiom which shows organising but not thinking capacity." She came to think ever better of Winston as time went on.

On the Prince of Wales (Edward VIII): "But observing him closely you could see that beneath the royal automaton

there lay the child and the animal—a simple kindly unmoral temperament which makes him a good fellow. Not an English gentleman: essentially a foreigner—and yet an almost perfect constitutional sovereign. From a political point of view, his foibles and vices, his lack of intellectual refinement and moral distinction, are as nothing compared to his complete detachment from all party prejudice and class interests."

On Balfour, to whose complex personality she comes back time and again: "He is delightfully responsive intellectually—a man with an ever open mind . . . A man of extraordinary grace of mind and body—delighting in all that is beautiful and distinguished—music, literature, philosophy, religious feeling and moral disinterestedness—aloof from all the greed and grime of common human nature. But a strange paradox as Prime Minister of a great Empire! I doubt whether even foreign affairs interest him; for all economic and social questions he has an utter loathing . . . He has a genius for destructive criticism of the logic of other people's ideas, but not the remotest desire to verify his own by testing his order of thought by the order of things . . . The sentimentality of the lifelong philanderer never thoroughly in love. For philanderer, refined and consummate, is Prince Arthur, accustomed always to make others feel what he fails to feel himself."

On Lord Milner: "A God and a wife would have made Milner, with his faithfulness, persistency, courage, capacity and charm, into a great man; without either he has been a tragic combination of success and failure."

On Haldane, who, next to Bernard Shaw, was Sidney's closest friend: "He loved power, especially the power of the hidden hand; or shall I say of the *recognised* hidden hand? . . . What bound us together as associates was our common faith in a deliberately organised society, our common belief in the application of science to human relations with a view to betterment. Where we differed was in the orientation of political power. Haldane believed more than we did in the existing governing class. We staked our hopes on the organised working-class, served and guided, it is true, by an élite of unassuming experts who would make no claim to superior social status, but would content themselves with exercising the power inherent in superior knowledge and longer administrative experience."

This last quotation brings us close to the heart of the Webb political philosophy. They had no messianic illusions about the working class. They were better at dealing with leaders than with the masses. They understood the function of leadership. "The truth is that we and MacDonald are opposed on a radical issue of policy (1896). To bring about the maximum amount of public control in public administration do we want to organise the unthinking persons into Socialist societies, or to make the thinking persons socialistic? We believe in the latter process." And again, in 1903: "We are not in favor of the cruder form of democracy. And we do believe in expenditure on services which will benefit other classes besides the working-class, and which will open the way to working-men to become fit to govern, not simply to represent their own class." To make working-men fit to govern, a great system of organized education must be built up: and it was to this that, in their books, in the London County Council and in the London School of Economics the Webbs devoted themselves. At the end of this volume, in 1911, Mrs. Webb is wondering "whether we had better not throw ourselves into constructing a party with a religion and an applied science."

After 1918 they became disillusioned with the Labor party. As Mrs. Webb tells here in her last few paragraphs, they reached the conclusion that the Marxian analysis of capitalist society had been right after all, and in the 1930's they set themselves to study in Russia the results of Marxism

in practice. There must be some wonderful stuff in the unpublished parts of Mrs. Webb's diary from 1912 to the end of the 1930's, and it is to be hoped that her editors will put it into shape for a third volume sometime soon.

André Malraux

Laure Riese

With this article, by a member of the Department of French in Victoria College, Toronto, The Canadian Forum begins a new series of discussions of contemporary writers.

► BORN IN 1901, Malraux is essentially a product of the twentieth century. Each phase of its history, the intellectual and political fate of men, the gravest actions and events are all combined in his works. To read his books is to glimpse into the colorful and brilliant career of a young student in oriental languages and archeology; it is to explore the mind of a man who sought the political, human and philosophical meaning of all the struggles of the fatal times in which we live; it is to witness the death agony of all liberties and the birth of a new liberty rising from the ruins of those which preceded. Under the menace of an imminent destruction, Malraux today tries to discover the absolute values of existence. His work proceeds from adventure to action, from revolt and negation to affirmation, from anguish to hope, from tumult to a certain calm which explains perhaps why his position turned from communism to de Gaulism.

The experiences and lessons of the years spent in China are poured into Malraux's first novel *The Conquerors*. It is the story of Canton's struggle against the English. The protagonist, the "conquérant," has been created by the author under the influence of Dostoevsky and Nietzsche. He is a character cut off from the rest of humanity by crime and his problem is solved by achieving a state of grace in which he resigns his personality, is possessed and becomes a superman. The hero is separated from the rest of the world because he sees its absurdity and its vanity. However, he tries to solve his problems by seeking action, adventure and a heroic death. Instead of a communion with God, as in Dostoevsky, he achieves a communion with his fellow men and experiences through an "amour fraternal" a sense of belonging to the universe. Man suffers alone as an individual but in the height of his suffering comes a surcease in the thought that others suffer as he does and for the same reason. Thus in communism, according to the Malraux of that period, man can give a meaning to his life by the manner and nature of his death. This mysticism of death, if one may call it so, is basic to Malraux. All his heroes are haunted by the theme which unfolds in the space of a brief tragic scene. Malraux lends a sort of metaphysical significance to torture. The humblest of men can make of his death an exalted action, the supreme expression of his life. Under the imminent threat of destruction man can discover the absolute values of existence. These are the chief points brought out, to a greater or less degree, in all of Malraux's heroes from *The Conquerors* on.

The Royal Way reflects Malraux's interests in archeology and his adventures in Indo-China. Perken, the main character, embodies courage, a will to suffer and to stand torture. He finds a reason and a meaning in life only through a heroic death. However, his death is not yet a triumph, simply an end to struggle. *Man's Fate*, often spoken of as

Malraux's best novel, relates the tragic events in Shanghai's revolution of 1927. It is a symphony of black and white where the author relives the tragic events of those fatal days. He shows the dynamism of the catastrophe brought about by a well-linked series of violent situations which have unlatched all human passions. Tschen, the hero, is a murderer, a martyr and a saint. He immolates himself in order to find in his sacrifice the significance of existence. For Malraux the revolution is a culmination of hazards, perils, risks, from out of the midst of which—more stressed and more bitter—is heard the cry of man's interrogation of himself. The revolution, so often miscarried, develops in man an unsuspected capacity for courage, actions and emotions. Thus, this "crise intérieure," evoked in the midst of a nightmarish picture of insurrection and destruction in an oriental town, brings about to the individual the will to pursue the struggle of primitive man against enemy forces, and teaches him the duty of reconstructing his values from the very elements of existence.

Days of Contempt is the only novel where Malraux was not a witness of the setting, but very forcibly he relates the imprisonment and escape of a leader of the German underground in the early days of Nazi terrorism. The hero, Kassner, cheats his captors and saves his reason through the power of music. Malraux proves that art supports action, lends endurance to the suffering hero, prevents his despair. Art is added to the sense of fraternity as a source of strength: it is an outlet, an antidote to solitude. In a later most important work, *Le Musée Imaginaire*, Malraux presents the impact of our civilization through the different aspects of its art.

We have seen, except in the last two books mentioned, that the Orient is the background of Malraux's novels, because it offered a crisis which he witnessed. He feels conscious of a communion with his fellow workers and sufferers all over the world. His books are not novels of propaganda in spite of the fact that his heroes are communists and the scenes those of the revolution. He does not paint an alluring picture of what is to be found in communism. His heroes live in a world of tragedy, facing with blind courage their personal fate and the wavering world. Soon the relative order of the Occident was to be shattered and Malraux was to be present at the outbreak of the Spanish war. He organized an air force for the loyalist government and put his adventures down in a book called *Man's Hope*. It seems to me that one notices a vast difference between this book and the preceding ones. The hero is no longer haunted by death as something more important than life. This extreme negation has disappeared as well as the desire for torture, for everlasting nothingness. We see among all kinds of destruction, men and women and children linked in a great brotherhood of courage. The hero has no longer time to prepare himself for death with modern warfare; it comes too fast, but he can seek and pass the test of courage. The scene is still tragic perhaps, all the more because those men are constantly under the menace of destruction; they never have time to discover the positive values of existence. In this unstable world Malraux has found, however, a revelation of existence: "l'homme révolutionnaire auquel le communisme restitue la fertilité." Communism has become a wide fraternity where men who believe in the existence of man as such and in action are reconciled to make "l'homme total." So in *Man's Hope* we see a Communist, an anarchist, a Christian, fighting side by side. This hope is the man of tomorrow whose existence becomes a means of salvation.

In a trilogy not yet finished about the war of 1939 in which Malraux took an active part in the Resistance and which will bear the final title *La Lutte avec L'Ange*, Mal-

Malraux portrays men struggling for their dignity. He found out soon enough that Marxism presented man as the product of certain conditions and that the revolution was a futile attempt to justify certain anarchical doctrines. The first volume of that trilogy, *Les Noyers de l'Attenburg*, places man before the enigmatic hour in which the tangible and revealing appearances of history are playing. Man feels obsessed by himself and asks whether he should first be or act, whether tomorrow this terrified civilization will be dissolved in a world of slavery and fear.

Thus today Malraux is no longer interested in the negative aspect of man's life, in violent crisis, in an atmosphere of dynamite and terrorism. Having acknowledged this chaotic world, he seeks a new one where man can live, where he can use his critical intelligence, his creative imagination, his artistic culture: a world where history is made and not destroyed. He still believes in collective hopes and sufferings but instead of ending in a sense of tragic destiny, he looks to a new humanism where man finds strength in his harmony with man and not in conflict.

Malraux always throws himself into desperate situations. He had embraced the hopeless cause of the oriental revolution because he had seen an appeal and a vision for what he calls "une fraternité virile." Today he may feel confident that de Gaulle will establish a future order in a less tragic atmosphere. Malraux may see a horizon, however distant, toward which all his efforts and actions tend and which gives him the sense not only of his "dignité d'homme" but of purposeful endeavor.

Even Malraux's means of expression have changed. His prose, which was staccato, the phrases always terse and stripped down to essentials, the half-finished sentences, monosyllabic questions and answers, showed the pressure of the times, the futility of unnecessary adornment. It corresponded to the intensity with which his people lived. His technique now has changed, as the Communist hope has deserted Malraux. Today remains the task of discovering whether in this old European world man is dead or whether he may find a new hope in de Gaulle. His style is heavier, it reflects the disarray of the times, it propounds urgent philosophical problems. It shows a human capacity for endurance, tenderness and deep sympathy with all those who are making an endeavor to find in each one of us the real man.

O CANADA

The Liberals must always be and have always been the champions of the people in the high places.

(Barrie Examiner report of a speech by Farquhar Oliver)

Parliament is akin to the Church. Leaders, like Hon. George Drew, make a great sacrifice in giving themselves for the benefit of the nation, Major [Rev. John] Foote said. In pastoral tones, he admonished the electors in the riding to "share with Mr. Drew that sacrifice, and to also share Mr. Drew with the province, by making certain that he receives the tremendous support to which he is entitled." (Globe and Mail)

Senator Paterson spoke of the generosity of big business in helping the V.O.N. "That is the price big business must pay for freedom to pursue its course without interruption from agitators who take advantage of the discontent among those who cannot or will not work." (Toronto Daily Star)

The Liberals, however, have recently embarked on a strong anti-Communist campaign. The latest speculation here is that if the forthcoming elections should demonstrate growing CCF support, federal Liberals would be well-advised to launch a general election based on the Communist issue. (Winnipeg Free Press)

Snow white and ice blue, right next to you! Foundation garments in cool weights, cool fabrics, cool colors to contribute to an unruffled summer silhouette. (Advertisement, Globe and Mail)

This month's prize of a six months' subscription goes to Miss E. Raikes, Barrie, Ont. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

A Very Interesting Experience to Have Had

Robert Fontaine

(SHORT STORY)

► I WAS IN the Paradise Ball Room, a well-known taxi dance hall at the corner of 14th Street and Second Avenue, when the man who had discovered the answer to all questions spoke to me.

"The girl in the pink gown is very lovely. She doesn't dance the way the other girls do. She doesn't try to get all your dance tickets. I imagine she is a very nice girl at heart."

I looked at this character. He wore a very neat blue suit, a foulard tie with a yellow figure and a full gray beard.

"You live around here? In the Village, maybe?" I said, keeping my eyes on the dancing girls, trying to pick one out I liked. The lights were very dim, as usual, and it was hard to tell what was what.

"I am not an artist if that's what you mean. In spite of my beard. I am a seeker after the Truth."

"What is the Truth?" I asked.

"What is a nice young man like you doing in a cheap dance hall?" the old man said. He must have been near sixty.

"I'm lonesome," I said. "It's a perfectly natural thing for a man who is lonesome to come to a taxi dance hall. For a dollar he can meet one of fifty passable girls. I like music. I like to dance. I like girls. Do I have an invitation to a debutante party?"

The old man smiled.

"The Truth," the old man went on, as if the last bit of conversation had not existed, "is that the world is an illusion. If you concentrate deeply for a few months, say ten minutes a day . . . and just ask the simple question 'Who am I?', you will see all the world resolve and you will find yourself in a new and incredibly beautiful world for perhaps just a second. In that second you will understand that every object in the universe is in harmony."

"I'll think it over," I told the man, because I saw a girl I knew and I signalled that I wanted to dance with her since she was finished lugging a drunk around the floor. I handed her a full set of tickets and she smiled with a bright gold tooth sadly hidden in one corner of her mouth.

"I love you," I said quietly. "I love you and eleven other girls."

"How have you been?" she asked, pressing very close to me. I felt warm and expectantly happy.

"Who are you going home with tonight?"

"A guy who loves me. Tell me, who is the symphony conductor you were talking to?"

I nodded my head toward him. "Oh, he is a sage. He lives in a cave and contemplates the universe, never having time to shave. It seems to me an interesting historical fact that saints very seldom shave."

"It must be nice to be a saint," the girl said, getting even closer.

"It is very satisfying, I understand. The whole universe becomes harmonious, not like this lousy band which is very flat at the moment."

"I thought Sweet Sue was your favorite number."

"I didn't recognize it," I said.

The set of tickets was used up and I said I'd see her later. My usual procedure was to make a tentative date with one set and then at 3 a.m., closing time, I would clinch the deal with another set.

There was about an hour to go so I went back to the sage who was drinking a very small glass of beer.

"Tell me more about the universe," I said.

"God is in all of us." He went on sipping his beer idly. "God is the spider and we are fragments of his web. The web is part of the spider. The golden spider and the golden shining, eternal web, delicate, intricate and immortal."

"Very interesting," I observed flatly, watching my girl dancing with another guy and pleased to find she was not keeping anywhere near as close to him as she had been to me.

"God is not in our hearts so much as we are in the heart of God. Think of God as a great, warming, shining stream in which we are each a bright, playful drop. All one. I am God. You are God, we are all divine. We are all part of one thing. As soon as we realize this and attune ourselves to it we enter Paradise and after that nothing seems less than Beautiful. So beautiful is this unison with the plan of God that tomorrow I am leaving this world for the beauty of another."

"You mean you expect to die? Kill yourself?"

"I mean I expect to live."

He laughed heartily and joyfully and he sounded like a boy of nineteen.

He said good-night in a moment and walked out. I noticed I had some time before closing and I followed him, far enough behind so that he could not observe me. I saw him go into a small rooming house and while I was anxious to find out more about him, I decided to wait until the next day as I hadn't much time left.

I went back and danced the last set with the girl I loved, one of the eleven, and I took her home.

When we got settled in the cab with our arms around each other, comfortably, I told her what the old man had said.

"You better go around and see tomorrow," she said, kissing me.

The next day I went to the house and I asked the landlady if she knew such a man. She looked up at me with moist eyes.

"He died this morning," she said. "He was a most kind and wonderful man. In the best of health, too. If you ask me. . ."

"I think we better call the police," I said and I explained to her what had happened at the dance hall.

I called the police and told them about the whole thing and they sent a man to examine the sage. There was no indication of suicide. In the next few days they analyzed everything. Still no trace of suicide. The last time I went down to find out I expected them to be sore because they had been put to so much trouble.

"No poison, no nothing," the official said. "Funny darn thing, though . . . there was nothing wrong with him, either."

I just mention this because I think it was a very interesting experience to have had.

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Film Review

D. Mosdell

► SOMETIME THIS MONTH the censors are expected to release the distinguished French picture *Les Enfants du Paradis* for local showing (in Toronto, at the International Cinema). Let us hope that when our delicate Canadian consciences have been duly safeguarded against improper suggestions it will still be possible to recognize the film as the masterpiece it undoubtedly is. It has already been cut considerably; the original version was some three and a half hours long, but the version shown last year in New York ran two and a half hours, and it was clear then that even a very little more cutting would do irreparable damage to the film. As it was, there were some curious and disturbing breaks in sequence, and some tag-ends of plot that never were satisfactorily explained, but the quality of the acting and the pathos and sincerity of the story, mangled as it was, were extraordinarily impressive.

Meanwhile, the summer slump seems to have set in, and there is very little worth seeing. Our local citizens have been flocking to see two highly derivative comedies, *The Voice of the Turtle*, and *Sitting Pretty*, whose popularity it is difficult to account for. John Van Druten's original play ran successfully on Broadway for years; interestingly enough, it was a complete flop in London, where it seems audiences and critics alike complained that the heroine's endless dithering about whether or not she was becoming promiscuous was stupid, naive, and boring, and that Van Druten's admittedly light hand with pastry did very little to compensate for the inherent imbecility of the theme. In the Hollywood version censorship ran riot again, and the movie is even more inconsequential than the play; those who have seen the stage production will be chiefly amused to observe how the cleaning-up was done. It was really quite simple: "Kissing, and all that" was substituted for "Going to bed" in all conversations between the heroine and her confidante; and a scene in which the hero leaves the heroine's apartment about three a.m. instead of staying, was inserted. The final sequences in which the two decide to marry were pure and undefiled Van Druten, though considerably longer, what with long, middling, and close-up shots of the principals holding hands over a Sunday morning breakfast-table . . . The curtain closes with a strong reek of orange blossoms and the strains of Mendelssohn, all problems solved—though why marriage should be equated with virtue is a question which might by now be expected to occur even to the soap-opera trade. What little freshness and charm the original play had were completely lost somewhere between Broadway and Hollywood—all those pretty turtle-doves converted into pigeons.

Sitting Pretty, on the other hand, is a kind of combination of Maw Perkins and *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, and need not—in fact, should not, by any standards—be labelled Adult Entertainment. Clifton Webb is moderately funny as a self-styled genius who takes a post as resident baby-sitter with what passes in Hollywood as a typical middle-class American family; before you could say Alexander Woolcott he subdues their three revolting children and their obstreperous Great Dane, solves their marital problems, and sets the whole community on its ear by producing a novel in his spare time in which he lampoons most of the leading citizens—all this being accomplished by a combination of intolerable rudeness, arrogance and a contemptuous omniscience concerning bone-setting, cookery, and suburban mores. It is hard to decide which of the two types represented by Webb and the suburbanites is more objectionable—the clever bar-

barian who imagines that he is civilized, or the stupid young Americans who worship money and comfort and assume that civilization means having an endless supply of ice-cubes and a house straight out of the pages of *American Homes and Gardens*. A very little of either goes a very long way, in our opinion, and *Sitting Pretty* is as depressing a sample of their antics as you could hope to find.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor: Regarding P.E.I. forbidding its local unions from affiliating with those outside the province, what are the labor chiefs going to do—merely shrug off the business with the comment that it is a “piece of stupid legislation”? Something more is incumbent on them. Institute legal action and charge that it is ultra vires—or something. Or have some P.E.I. union promptly violate the legislation (preferably with a Bronx Bird) and let the business run the gamut of the courts. If no courts give it the ashan it will have a salutary effect everywhere. On the other hand, if such legislation turns out to be valid under existing laws—well, then we will know what kind of a fight we have on our hands. But let's find out the score—anything but supineness. The onus is on the national chiefs to initiate the showdown on behalf of the beleaguered Island brethren.

Owen O'Clontarf, Moncton, N.B.

The Editor: I have been a reader of *The Canadian Forum* for several years now, having been ‘subsidized’ by a friend who was not satisfied with the development of my social consciousness. This year when she went back to University and left me to fend for myself I found, to my surprise, that I could not get along without the *Forum* and was obliged to take out a subscription of my own.

With regard to the cultural articles, in which field I am more at home, I think we in Canada have come to the stage where we should start encouraging anything worthwhile in the arts and get away from the brash adolescent idea of making fun of everything Canadian. As one of your writers hoped, C.B.C. Wednesday has been what we were looking for and although perhaps not perfect it is so far in advance of anything found in Canada or the United States previously that we should be praising it as a great step forward. It might also suggest to us that we are sometimes in advance of the U.S. and that it is not necessary always to await her approval before accepting something Canadian.

Helen M. Lothian, Niagara Falls, Ont.

The Editor: We enjoy *The Canadian Forum* because of its broad understanding of world affairs, especially its keen and friendly criticism of American trends which our press fails to emphasize. Your last issue was outstanding with its political summary, “Under the Big Top,” its film and book reviews, its London developments (including the national theatre), its good short story and several striking poems. Our best thanks!

Maurice P. Dunlop, St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A.

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Recordings

Milton Wilson

► YOUR OPINION of Columbia's new recording of Beethoven's *Appassionata Sonata*, Op. 57 will depend on what you think of the work's subtitle. Rudolf Serkin plays the first movement firmly, clearly and with far more calmness than is customary. Even the last movement, for all its energy, sounds reserved and controlled here. Such a performance contradicts most of our preconceived notions concerning the three most externally impressive works of Beethoven's middle period, the *Fifth Symphony*, the *Emperor Concerto* and this sonata. And yet I recall that for all its violent, driving intensity, Toscanini's recording of the *Fifth Symphony* gives less enduring satisfaction than Weingartner's more lyric performance. Similarly, although Serkin has never been a favorite of mine and hardly deserves to be compared with Weingartner, this recording should give more permanent enjoyment than most of the “passionate” performances which the *Appassionata* seems to inspire. If only the control and firmness of this performance could have a little more vitality (not of the Sturm und Drang variety) and more musical intelligence, it might be very fine indeed. I say musical intelligence because a characteristic of Serkin's playing is that his mind and taste never seem to become involved in the music. One may believe oneself to be hearing a fine performer but never a great artist.

Serkin's performance, although not first-rate, has an added interest because the problem of how to play the three works mentioned above is a real one today. The critics of the twenties compared them unfavorably with the late sonatas and quartets, and looked down on their so-called revolutionary fervor. The critics of the thirties (apart from the Marxists) compared them unfavorably with the early sonatas and quartets whose perfection they had overloaded, strained and spoiled. Today we are likely to see how little they have in common with the feelings we attribute to Werther or the Byronic hero. The passion in these works is firm and never forced, without any feverish emotionalism, Sophoclean rather than modern, particularly in the *Appassionata*, which is perhaps the most consistent of the three. A great performance of this sonata would be most welcome, and Serkin's, although hardly that, has its virtues and is well recorded. The sound is clear and brilliant, perhaps a little too brilliant on top.

RECORDS RECEIVED—(To be reviewed later).

Beethoven: *Symphony No. 4 in B-Flat Major*, Op. 60; The Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, Conductor; Columbia Set D-203.

Franck: *Sonata in A Major*; Zino Francescatti, Violin, Robert Casadesu, Piano; Columbia Set D-204.

Eli, Eli: *The Blessing of St. Francis*, Here is Thy Footstool, Opus. 11; Hospodi Polmilui, Bless The Lord; O My Soul; Deep River; The Lord's Prayer; O Bone Jesu, Adoramus Te, Christe; De Paur's Infantry Chorus, Leonard De Paur, Conductor; Columbia Set D-202.

Kidush: Havodoloh; Ki K'Shimcho; Tzadik Adoshem; Yir'u Eineinu; Yehi Rotzon; Hebrew; Richard Tucker, Tenor, Orchestra and Choral Ensemble directed by Sholom Secunda; Columbia Set D-206.

J. S. WOODSWORTH LETTERS

for biographical purposes. Will anyone in possession of letters written by the late J. S. Woodsworth communicate with *The Canadian Forum*, Box 2.

FOUR POEMS *by Kay Smith*

Train Journey

I

Tunneling through this chalk-and-wash drawing of a world
with the new snow and the pale air
is to lose hold on the comfort of boundaries;
fences cancel themselves out
and trees have the faintness of old pencil scribbles:
How will the eye rim itself out of the swimming of distance
or the ear fasten itself to a tether of sound?
Not on the chalk-drifted ground,
on the mist-muffled air can a clear periphery be found,
such as rise and fall of a crane,
blow of hammer on nail head,
not where the vague wind erases the heart's track in the snow,
but here on the edge of the clipped self cut
down from the blowing sky like a gull.

II

Everything is whimsically rounded as in a child's drawing,
the sound of wheels under our feet;
and two women sitting on a plush seat, fat purses on knees,
have a bubble roundness like that of the females
in Ardizzone's water-colors. Their soft eyes
hang on the tendrils of sight like blurred shapes of grapes,
the heat of day squeezed out of them.
Under the sprawl of dusk over the land
we find the sharp hunger of the eye
curving with the curve of trees on the sky,
nothing pointed, nothing knived can survive
in this woolgathering world,
a girl's red mouth sags to a sigh as the negation of shadow
reaches and smothers the sharp cry of the blood in flowers
fingers and down the spring slopes of the thigh.

III

Through mist shoots the train like an angry bullet,
snow swells into the sky and smudges the ground,
the heart sails like a red balloon out of the window over the
tracks in the gauzy weather.
"Let us pretend, let us pretend," the heart cries,
"Let us be children again at a children's party,
Jacks and Jills and Contrary Marys."
"Bring out the pink lemonade and the pink-iced cake,"
(but the wind shakes the leaves off the trees, blows away
the colored favors)
the truant officer is here peering out of the bushes,
the eye of the man with the pain-gouged face pricks with
a look of winter
the balloon bobbing over the garden flowers.

Acceptance

Heart, foolish heart, spend not your strength,
Building the past into an altar,
Nor measure beauty by a season's length,
Sky that crowned last year's roses does not falter.

Roses burn as then among the grass,
Wearing their secrets in their faces,
For us whom time blinds as we pass,
Stumbling on to unfamiliar places.

Boundaries shift, geography changes
For us at war with time and death.
In its own wastes the mind ranges,
And foreign to the flesh is spirit's breath.

Heart, foolish heart, bare to the wind,
Be a mouth like a hollow thirsting for the sea,
Run not from sorrow but let it find,
Fill you that all but it may cease to be.

A shapeless longing to be free like snow,
Yet collected in the form of a tree or stone,
In the way an eagle wave will build and grow
To explode in wings, then be sea-whole again.

The face of my sorrow is dissolved in foam.
Joy in me is the eye of a bird.
With the sun and man's agony I lay me down,
And springs from that union the bright-browed Lord.

O Time! O Talent of Love!

O time! O talent of love!
The dancer charmed by the dream
Has clocks in his limbs for cues
To the broadening and tapering stream.

For to love is to value time
As a sense of crisis. Unshaken
By tempests that trample the sea
And all but rock the mountain,

The gifted heart knows when
To crumple in awe and reverence
Under the tiny grass blade's
Hair-veined elegance.

Lovers shake their fists
When outer time mocks inner,
And squander the seeds of their love
In spite of iron weather.

Goethe in winter flesh
Set his magic watch at the spring:
Angels leapt from his bones,
And cosmos danced on his tongue.

That Something May Be Found

That something may be found I make a poem.
I break from the shell of habit, my home,
leaving fear, the old crone, nodding by the cold ashes.

Near the door Eyes compel so large and clear
a walking out that clothed simply in being
I try to deserve the white lashes of the daisy,
the tapering body of grass in the wind,
and stones washed in sunlight.

That the secret may be found I become a hunter
in a poem, seeking the lost child who followed
the moonlight into the wood.

In the wood and in the waste places under
a half-moon we are very wonderful,
curved like a bow over being ourselves and alone,
moving when we move like a half-moon.

That something may be found I make a poem.

Monologue

(Spoken by an orphan servant-girl)

From the slum of London
Across the thousand thousand
Wavy Atlantic waving waves
I come to this dark land.
And I turn myself away
From these older people
Who starch my arms and legs
With bits and muzzles,
Saddles, bridles, martingales,
Whippletrees and manacles
Making this house
And every room of it
A numb, half-open
Maid of Nuremberg . . .

I turn myself away
To the warmth of the stove
In whose body,
As yellow honey flames
In the lion-corpse,
Yells the fire
Reaching wringing,
Ringing bells
Of murderous clapper,
The hands of daemons,
Orange and red hands.
The fire in the stove
Is a jaw with orange teeth
And scarlet gums.

The flames are the teeth
Of a golden saw.
The fire is a fiery twisted comb.
The fire is the hands and arms
Of my orange lover
With whom I lie
Every every night
Among the ferocious weeds
That are my bed-sheets.
I am the furnace in which he hides
In the daytime
And at night he creeps out
To seduce the stupid and virtuous.

He shall free me
From these pleats and halters of steel.
I shall manage to be with child
By the eldest boy of this family,
And they shall drive him away with me,
Which is what I want.
With my fiery comb
I shall comb their locks
With this orange saw.
I shall rip their house in two.
I am the stove in which the orange lover lies
And they shall beware
When I come out.

James Reaney.

The Sundogs

I saw the sundogs barking
On either side of the sun.
The sun was making his will
And last testament
In a red vestment
And the sundogs cried,
"Like old Sir Walter Scott
Our big bow-wow style
Will fright a ring
Around the moon
Of yellow-white Chineses
Playing Farmer-in-the-dell
(The cheese stands still.)
We shall drown the crickets,
Exasperate the killdeer.
We shall chase camels,
Libbards and camelopards
Through needle-eyes.
We shall pick all
The apples from
The Duchess of Oldenburg tree.
Rain shall fall like iron nails,
Like iron arrows at Senlac Hill.
Our barking shall overturn rabbit-hutches,
Topple over privies
And burn with invisible
Oh invisible flame
In each frightened tree.
The farmers shall curse our industry
And shake their fists
For we will press the oats
Close to the ground
And lodge the barley
And rip up the wheat stooks.
We shall make great faces
Of dampness and mildew
Appear on bedroom walls.
Like a thousand rattling typewriters
We shall gallop over the roofs of town.
We are the Sun's animals.
We stand by him in the west
And are ready to obey
His most auburn wish.

James Reaney.

Birthday Party

After the stiff hellos
The square white boxes of curiosity opened
The ribbon and colored paper kicked aside
The bars are silently locked again,
The prisoner
Hot in his Sunday suit and heavy-eyed
May hammer in anger or wait in loneliness,
Only the voices reach him,
The corporate eye
Defends its secret.
The pink candles burn
In wind and darkness;
After hello there is nothing else to say
Nothing to do but tiptoe out and steal
The bicycle of the oldest guest and ride
Unsteadily away.

Floris Clark McLaren.

TURNING NEW LEAVES

► LAST YEAR, in his independent magazine *Politics* Dwight Macdonald wrote some very provocative and witty articles on the career of Henry Wallace; these have now been published in expanded form as a book*. It is a timely moment for such an appraisal, for although Wallace is at the moment something of a damp squib, he has an unfortunate faculty for getting back into the headlines, sometimes through quite unwarranted publicity. Dwight Macdonald's book should help to reduce Wallace's following; certainly it does much to shatter the myth of Wallace as idealist and prophet of the Common Man.

Wallace is presented in this book as "a split personality, an extraordinary combination of idealism and optimism, moral fervor and *real Politik*." Whether or not this psychological analysis is sound, Macdonald does present Wallace as inordinately ambitious and calculating, but at the same time sentimental and uncertain. The documentation of Wallace's political career destroys the current myth about the man: that he is a person of great moral courage and integrity, that as an idealist he has fought privilege and injustice. What does emerge is the portrait of an ambitious politician, always ready to sacrifice his principles and his associates, a politician by no means dedicated in practice to the welfare of the common man. Even as Secretary of Agriculture (his conduct in that post is the basis of the myth), Wallace in a pinch was ready to sacrifice the small tenant farmer and sharecropper. His political actions always revealed a willingness to fall in with the powerful interests, even though these treacheries caused him a considerable inner turmoil.

Such accusations, serious though they are, have of course only the interest of party politics. What is more significant is the role which Wallace plays in the political and intellectual life of this continent. For he is the mouthpiece of those woolly-minded pseudo-intellectuals who, though ostensibly the champions of liberal doctrines, have been manoeuvred into the totalitarian camp. Emotionally committed to an ideology of radicalism which history has completely exploded, they are incapable of intellectual housecleaning, and now in the face of overwhelming counter-evidence, are the easy prey of discredited slogans. The mental habit of that group Macdonald describes as "a region of perpetual fogs, caused by the warm winds of the liberal gulfstream coming in contact with the Soviet glacier." Wallace preaches to this group a vague liberalism, trying to promote the idea that Communist and capitalist imperialisms can co-exist peacefully, provided of course that we assume that Soviet intentions are angelic and that ours are satanic. A fundamental sense of guilt and spiritual unease underlies such a belief, but it has plenty of adherents.

Wallace has no economic philosophy; his *Sixty Million Jobs* was a hodgepodge of conflicting proposals, his *Paths to Plenty*, which advocated a vague general welfare, contained this remarkable and damaging admission: "Throughout this book I have used the phrase 'general welfare' liberally . . . Nowhere have I defined 'general welfare' . . . because I believe that in a democracy every individual ought to define the general welfare in his own way." Wallace would like to preserve complete free enterprise and institute state planning at the same time. He is like the Nazi orator who received tremendous applause for the astonishing proposition: "We don't offer you higher bread prices, we don't offer you lower bread prices, we offer you Nationalist Socialist bread prices."

*HENRY WALLACE, THE MAN AND THE MYTH: Dwight Macdonald; Copp Clarke; (The Vanguard Press); pp. 187; \$3.25.

Wallace's principal disservice to clear thinking on this continent was his espousal of the Common Man during the War. After being an isolationist for years, he suddenly in 1941 became a "global democrat," and the U.S.A.'s moral apologist for the prosecution of the war. He helped to propagate that false explanation of the meaning of the struggle (that it was being fought in the interests of the common man everywhere) which has caused such subsequent discontent and bewilderment. It is no wonder that when, to use Churchill's phrase, the war became "less ideological" and Roosevelt learned to be cynical about our proletarian ally, Wallace's activities as Vice-President became a nuisance and the President looked about for a less colorful and less apocalyptic assistant.

As editor of the *New Republic*, Wallace continued the work of confusion. Macdonald notes the "quantitative upsurge and qualitative decline" of that magazine since the advent of Wallace and excoriates the attempt to popularize liberal ideas by squeezing the marrow out of them. "Culturally," he says, "this is another instance of that merging of highbrow and lowbrow, avant-garde and commercial, which seems to be going on in all departments of American culture today . . . There is nothing more vulgar than sophisticated kitsch." Wallace, with his vague goodwill and intellectual haze, is a superb conductor of such a campaign of political vulgarization.

Yet therein lies the danger: Wallace strikes a responsive chord in the emotionally confused and the politically half-baked—a circumstance which his Communist allies are only too ready to exploit. He has a messianic strain in him (it is not surprising to learn that he dabbles in astrology and numerology); he also believes in the great spiritual mission of the American people, "heirs of the religious concepts of Palestine and the culture of Rome and England." Most of all, he sees himself as a prophet, and the twentieth century has had enough of such ego-maniacs.

J. C. GARRETT.

THE Human Affairs PAMPHLETS

Edited by HENRY REGNERY

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BOOKS REVIEWED

THE UNITED NATIONS: Herbert Vere Evatt; S. J. R. Saunders (Harvard University Press); pp. 154; \$3.25.

A Chinese commentator pointed out recently that man is a conservative creature and the mental revolution from the notion of the divine right of kings—or capitalists—to that of the sovereignty of the people is a slow process. The space of time between Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights was several hundred years, whereas only three years have passed since the San Francisco conference and the birth of the United Nations. We are inclined to be discouraged because it has not yet worked a global miracle. Optimists and pessimists alike should read *The United Nations* by that wise and vigorous Australian, Herbert Vere Evatt. He is a critic in the constructive sense, a sort of adjudicator, reviewing the short history of UNO in a most readable and evocative attempt to make the average reader conscious of the basic purposes of UNO and the chief sources of obstruction and frustration. He divides his study into three parts, the formation, the working and the future of the United Nations. One point he emphasizes: UNO was not designed to make the peace. It is organized to maintain peace, once it is achieved. It was created before Hiroshima and therefore before the emergence of the atomic bomb into world politics; it has dealt primarily with the problem of security in a military sense and was planned by the great powers to suppress wars or incipient wars by organized force "rather than . . . to prevent wars by removing those economic and social injustices which are likely to cause wars."

The assembly of nations at San Francisco expanded the Dumbarton Oaks proposals very considerably but even today the least progress has been made in the field allotted to the Economic and Social Council. While special committees on Health, Refugees and Relief for Children have all done good work, "it has so far failed to make any general review of the current world economic situation or to play its due part in dealing with the world's economic crisis." ILO and UNESCO, FAO and ICAO, all independent bodies whose work comes under the general field of social and economic affairs, are related by agreements to the Economic and Social Council, and each has progressed in its own work far beyond the general results for the Council itself. The agencies are related to, but not controlled by, the Council. Evatt points out the need for careful organization under the Council so that work already being done will not be duplicated by multiplicity of organization, or what he calls "more harness than horse." Yet it is essential that the General Assembly be kept fully informed, accurately and speedily, of current world economic trends. For this purpose the Council requires a highly competent secretariat. "There is an urgent need for an overall review of the current world economic situation which will assist the Council and its Commissions in dealing with current economic crises." The Council has no executive power to enforce decisions. It is purely consultative and advisory. It can "discuss and recommend, organize co-operative action" but not much more, although opportunities in the economic field are limitless, particularly in the work of adjusting domestic policies to an agreed-upon international policy.

It should never be forgotten that in signing the charter of UNO, member nations pledged themselves to promote full employment and higher standards of living in their own territories. We all know from our experiences of the depression thirties that this can only be done by international action, even to the point of relinquishing some degree of sovereignty. Nations may have to decide whether they want full sovereign rights and depression, or a United Nations plan for economic co-operation and prosperity.

The author makes it all too clear the obstructionist policies of Soviet Russia. One wonders what the story of the United Nations might be if Russia were obsessed with the idea of co-operation as she has been with the idea of veto. He stresses the greater contributions which have been made by middle and small powers because of their more objective and co-operative attitudes. "The truth is, the Great Powers are inevitably preoccupied with questions of prestige and spheres of influence, whereas lesser powers, whose interests in lasting peace is just as great, if not greater, are more detached in their outlook on many issues and are in a better position to make unbiased judgment on the justice of any proposed settlement. Moreover, military power is not necessarily accompanied by proportionate wisdom or experience." This is the situation which gives the Commonwealth countries, with their experience in democracy and in co-operation with one another, opportunities to act, through mature diplomatic service, for the great good of UNO as a whole. Evatt's book must be regarded as a basic reference book on the present status of UNO. Everyone concerned with its future should own and read and digest *The United Nations*.
Blodwen Davies.

BEHIND THE LOG: E. J. Pratt, with a foreword by the author and drawings by Grant Macdonald; Macmillan; pp. 47; \$2.00.

THE STRAIT OF ANIAN: Earle Birney; Ryerson; pp. 84; \$2.50.

Again E. J. Pratt has grappled with a theme of heroic dimensions and massive significance and with all his familiar scope of imagination and zest with language has fashioned it into a verse narrative of sustained excitement and heartening affirmation. It is the story of the passage of a convoy from Canada to Britain during the early dark hours of World War II and the first encounter with the "wolf-pack" strategy of the Nazi U-boats—the dramatic struggle of sixty-six merchantmen, their holds packed with life-or-death and their protection the sheer determination of a Canadian escort of one destroyer and a handful of corvettes. It is a theme which demands Pratt and one which no other poet could fulfill in the same rousing fashion.

Many of the long-admired qualities of Pratt are here: the immediate impact of his narrative line; the exhilarating momentum of his vocabulary; the ability to convey tribute to human courage, physical and spiritual, without sentimentality. The present book, *Behind the Log*, does not equal, as poetry, the earlier narratives of Pratt. Form is not so well proportioned; the two levels, narrative and poetry, frequently do not fuse. But *Behind the Log* is a book to be grateful for, as every book of Pratt's is, and it effectively reminds Canadians that in Pratt they have not only a great narrative poet but almost the only one writing in English today.

Earle Birney dedicates his new book, *The Strait of Anian*, to E. J. Pratt; and there is another most happy conjunction: *The Strait of Anian* reprints one of the finest narrative poems of the past decade, "David." If Birney's reputation had to rest on this poem alone he would be assured of a place in Canadian literature. But the new volume also puts back into circulation eight other poems from his first volume and almost the whole of *Now Is Time*, his second. These, together with new poems, present a summation of Birney's work to date which establishes him beyond doubt as one of the finest poets Canada has produced. There is no space to cite chapter and verse. But to anyone reading this book it will be immediately evident that here is a poet affirmative, precisioned, indignant and adult. I can think of no poet more thoroughly Canadian, and Canadians instead of giving him another Governor-General's medal should quickly put this book through a dozen editions.
Ralph Gustafson.

FRENCH STORIES FROM NEW WRITING: edited by John Lehmann; John Lehmann Ltd.; pp. 182; \$2.50.

This volume of short stories illustrates the vitality that exists among contemporary French exponents of fiction; it is also a further example of John Lehmann's zeal to obtain a wider audience in England for continental authors. In the collection, the general calibre of which is very high, a few stories stand out: Paul Nizan's *About Theseus*, an expertly modulated, if saucy, treatment of the Minotaur episode; Noel Devaulx's subtle allegory about death, *Madame Parpillon's Inn*; Louis Guilloux's *A Man and a Woman*, which is a devastating and perceptive exposition of a quarrel between a married couple; and a brilliant satirical fantasy by Jean Cassou, which is perhaps the most original of all the narratives. Jean-Paul Sartre is represented twice and, although *The Room* is a clever treatment of insanity, *The Wall* unexpectedly reveals to what depth of cheap melodrama his kind of philosophised fiction can descend. Three entertaining stories about André Chamson's peasant hero Tabusse are not marred by the near presence of two rather sweaty peasant pieces by Jean Giono. The volume as a whole provides a great variety of fare and is well worth the price.

J.C.G.

THE ARABIAN BIRD: Constantine Fitzgibbon: (Rinehart); Clarke, Irwin; pp. 249; \$2.75.

Charles Monroe arrived in London in 1944 from a two months' mission in Italy to find that his wife, whose character reminded him "of an old marble statue, seen through wild roses, shaded with ivy," had been unfaithful to him that afternoon with his son by a former equally unsatisfactory marriage. This situation, untidy at best, does not in itself disturb or even embarrass any of the characters, which seems odd; but it does lead, eventually, to Charles' retirement from the world into an impenetrable personal solitude, a state which he equates with death, but welcomes, because for him "the only real sin was the original one of having been born."

The author seems to have read about equal parts of Hemingway and Katharine Mansfield and to have fallen rather awkwardly between the two schools. His characters have strong and brutal emotions, but their conversation (and there is a great deal of it) is vapid and ultimately stupefying: "He was full of little pieces of knowledge, the sort of thing you get from the back of cigarette cards . . . His home was at High Wycombe, where his father worked in a bank. Have you ever noticed how intelligent and kind the people are who live in small country towns like High Wycombe?" And so on; I cannot recommend it.

D. Mosdell.

LEADING CANADIAN POETS: edited by W. P. Percival; Ryerson; pp. 265; \$3.50.

This book consists of twenty-nine articles by various authors on Canadian poets, together with an introductory essay on the character of Canadian poetry by the editor, Dr. W. P. Percival, Director of Protestant Education and Deputy Minister of Education for the Province of Quebec. The articles originally appeared in *The Educational Record*, a magazine for teachers in Quebec.

The book's chief value lies in the additional light it throws on the personalities and life histories of some of the poets considered, for in most cases the articles were written by friends of the poets. As literary criticism, however, almost all the articles are undistinguished. They suffer from the most common fault of Canadian criticism: the tendency to treat every second or third-rate versifier as a great poetic

genius. There are some exceptions, however. Dr. G. H. Clarke writes a balanced account of Audrey Alexandra Brown; Dr. A. G. Bailey provides the best available judgment of Theodore Roberts; F. R. Scott writes perceptively of A. J. M. Smith; and there are three brief but judicious essays by Dr. Pelham Edgar.

The chief defect of the book is the seeming arbitrariness of the choice of subjects. In view of its title, it seems hardly proper that poets such as Katherine Hale, W. D. Lighthall, Robert Norwood, A. M. Stephen, and Ethelwyn Wetherald should be included, and that people such as Oliver Goldsmith, Charles Heavyside, A. M. Klein, F. R. Scott, Robert Finch and P. K. Page should be left out. All in all, the book is a useful but not a major contribution to our still scanty stock of criticism and biography. It should serve to whet the appetites of its readers.

Desmond Pacey.

THE DIARY AND SUNDRY OBSERVATIONS OF THOMAS A. EDISON: edited by D. D. Runes; McLeod (Philosophical Library); pp. 247; \$6.00.

Great inventors and scientists often show a rather colorless exterior; not so Thomas Edison. Though the autobiographical material contained in this book is very fragmentary indeed, it succeeds in conveying a well-rounded impression of Edison's personality. By far the most lively part is the all-too-short Diary, covering a mere ten days in the summer of 1885. The tone is one of leisurely whimsicality: reading the *Police Gazette* on the way to the city, and *The Anatomy of Melancholy* on the way back. Even in a holiday atmosphere, however, Edison's mind was rarely passive. The imaginative exploitation of carefully observed data was his main gift. In his summer cottage, this assumed the form of sparkling, often "absurd," humor; in his laboratory or factory, the beginning of one of his many inventions. His sundry observations are more serious, but never heavy. He saw only one real evil in our society: an educational system which discourages free observation, and makes the student despise knowledge. Visual education is the remedy, for which the motion picture could be an ideal instrument. But in more than one way, society pays little attention to the inventor. The book is too expensive.

F.D.H.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL: Krishna Nehru; Longmans, Green & Co.; pp. 116; \$2.50.

Krishna Nehru, the sister of India's foremost leader, has written her second book. In *Shadows on the Wall*, she vividly portrays the life behind the prison walls of India. From her own experiences, she describes the humiliating, demoralizing conditions to which both political and civil prisoners were subjected. The indignities and abuses meted out by brutal officials and wardresses, many of whom are vicious perverts, lead to the mental, moral and physical degeneration of prisoners.

The author gives a brief biographical sketch of twelve women, and shows by her sympathetic understanding of the factors conditioning the lives of the prisoners a keen insight into their characters. With the objectivity of a psychologist she neither condemns Durgi, the murderess of her husband, Shafikan who killed her husband's mistress nor Ramkali who shoved her mother-in-law down a well. Her description of the "politicals" covers various types from Chitr and Kanti, members of the Non-Violent movement, to Meena the terrorist, sentenced to life imprisonment when a girl of sixteen.

This book will arouse the emotions and stir the most indignant to call for reform of prison conditions that degrade rather than rebuild.

M.F.

Also Received

CREATIVE CAMPUS: A Magazine of Literature and Art: Alvin Goldman, editor-in-chief; University of Manitoba; pp. 68.

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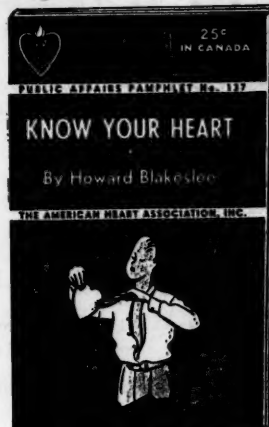
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